

THE FIELD A FAR

MARYKNOLL



AUTUMN IN OUR WOODS

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.
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THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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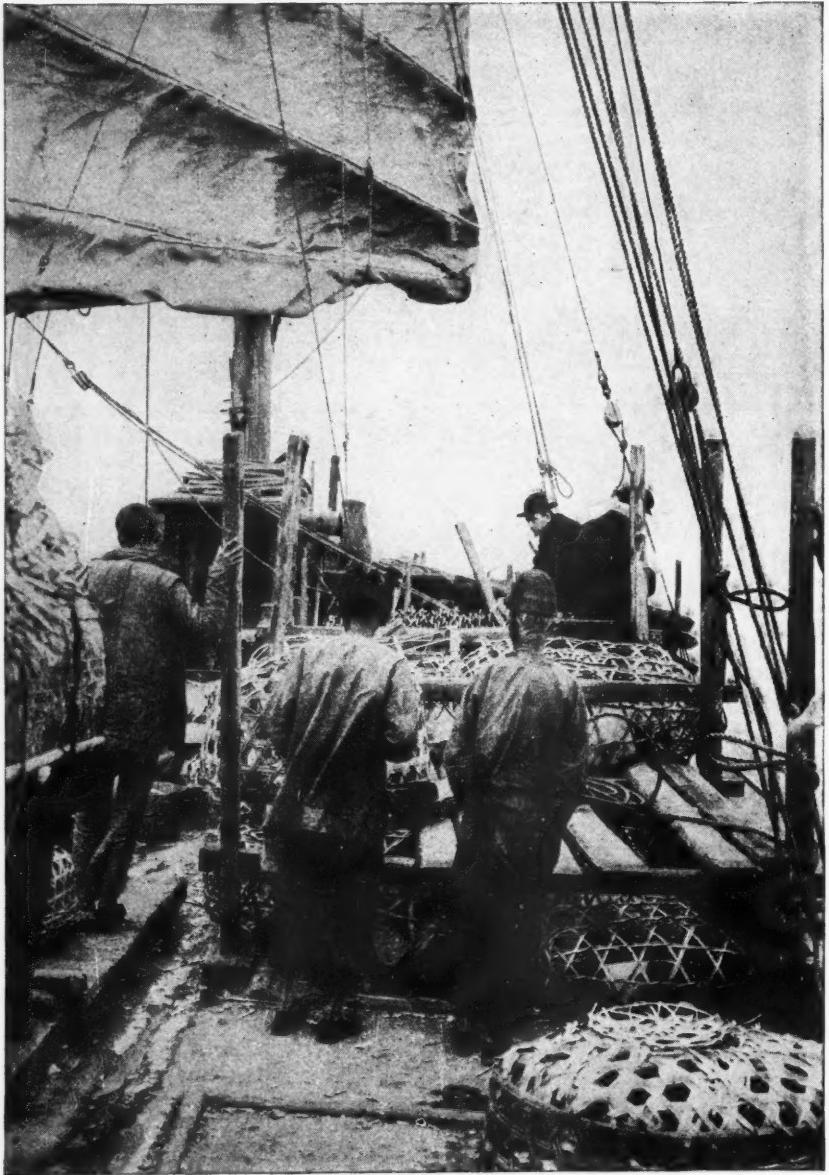
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A JOURNEY BY JUNK ON SOUTH CHINA WATERWAYS

The only "deck chairs" available for Maryknoll missionaries during these trips are the tops of the baskets in which pigs and ducks are also experiencing the plunges and lurches of the ancient craft



THE FIELD AFAR

NOVEMBER, 1931



SAILING INTO CHINA'S GREAT HEART

By Fr. Arthur F. Dempsey, M.M., of Peckskill, N. Y., Maryknoll missioner in South China



TRAVEL in China is very interesting, especially if you look at its bright side—the fact that in spite of various and sundry obstacles you're always getting somewhere. Take, for instance, a trip from Wuchow on the West River to our compound in Pingnam, a journey frequently made by all Maryknollers of the Kwangsi Mission.

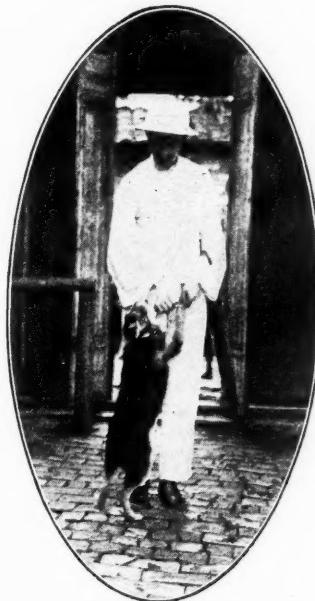
Of course, when you are in Wuchow, it's to be taken for granted that you start your journey from the mission, where you have gone for a bed or a bit to eat, and a game of chess with the genial Maryknoll host.

The old Catholic mission of Wuchow may be a back alley where noise and the absence of a breeze seem to be the predominating features, where the front gate of the mission faces the rear of a row of Chinese tenement houses across a four foot alley, and where the only scenery is a single cornstalk growing up from the dirt in the top of a rainspout (Chinese conserve space); yet you're glad to go there because it means a respite from boats, a breathing space in a long journey from Hong Kong to Pingnam.

Talking Price—

So then, you start from the mission in Wuchow. If you are just a tyro in the mission life, you'll probably dash down to the water front, find your boat, and "get stuck" in the bargain. But, if you've been seasoned by a little experience, you'll ask the houseboy to do this for you. And usually he does it better. Being a Chinese he knows the language a little better than you do; and, more than that, "he has a way with him" that gets you your ticket for two or three dollars, whereas you would pay five or more when making the purchase yourself.

You have your ticket, and the boat is due to start at eight p.m. So about that time the house-boy gets you a



JOURNEY'S END

A licking and barking welcome from Patsy gives Fr. Dempsey the "homey feeling"

"daamer", who carries your baggage to the boat and on arrival there argues with you for five or ten minutes on the price you've given him, telling you

"MISTER, please give us a push". These days we feel very much like the little fellow who is struggling to pedal his velocipede up hill.

The kind of a push that will make us happy is one more subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR, from YOU, our friend.

all the while just how heavy your baggage was. He doesn't really argue if you are an old-timer, for it takes two to argue, and you just ignore him and let him rave on. And when he sees that you have had long experience with baggage coolies, he'll trot off contentedly with no ill feeling toward you.

So you find yourself at the water front. Your boat, however, is frequently anchored out in the stream, and in order to get out to it without being robbed you are obliged to "talk price" again. The "sampan people" will tell you the water is high and the current strong, that rowing is difficult, and you and your baggage heavy, and for that reason you ought to pay more. But again, because you are one of the "initiated", you remain adamant, state your price which you know to be just, and succeed in getting yourself a sampan by threatening to look for another if the other half of the argument does not come to terms. And this last word of yours always wins!

Set for the Journey—

Then, out you go to your boat, with its blinking lights blazing a trail for you across the dark waters. Two or three "fokki" (boat stewards) will have noted your coming, and they are only too glad to help you with your baggage. They know from experience that the "Shan foo" (Father) has a heart, as they say, and will give them a little tea-money on arrival at his destination.

Your next task is to make your way to your "bunk". This means that you have to pass through a living, lying throng, your companions-to-be-for-the-journey, who besides filling the bunks are stretched on mats on the floor. And as it is grossly vulgar, according to Chinese etiquette, to step on another man's sleeping mat while wearing your shoes, you remove these before you begin your search. At length you get to your downy couch—mat covered boards, shelved along the wall—after

SECURE SPIRITUAL TREASURES FOR YOUR BELOVED DEAD.

apologizing several times for stepping on feet and faces, and what do you find? Oh, nothing much! Only that the boat steward thought you weren't coming, and gave your bunk to someone else. You call for the powers-that-be, flash your previously purchased ticket, and demand justice. And you get it, too, for the pre-occupant of your berth is turned out, and told to seek quarters elsewhere.

Then it is that you breathe a sigh of relief, and arrange your baggage and berth, after taking off your cassock or "shaam" (Chinese gown). Meanwhile your "getting in" has probably awakened half the boat, and you are the cynosure of all eyes. But you don't mind. You just nonchalantly light a Chinese Murad, if you have one, or your pipe in its place; and observe your observers. In a few minutes you throw a broad smile, get some in return; and you're set for the journey.

MahJong—

Just about the time you begin to doze, the "fokkis" decide to start a MahJong game; and their business of finding a place for the game, and the click-clacking of the pieces as they play, usually throws you from the arms of Morpheus. Then, if you're human,

A Christmas seal on your envelope will carry the name of Maryknoll to your friends, and may find for Maryknoll an extra helper.

you watch awhile to see who gets "pot-luck". And when your eyes have tired of this, and your ears of the chatter of the players, you roll over for another try at sleep and find you succeed.

You go to sleep in peace, despite the many yellow faces all about you in the room. Sometimes, as you are falling asleep, you smile at the thought of your friends back home, who would fear greatly to be in such a midst, much less to sleep while in it. And you smile again, because you know the simplicity of the souls about you, their good nature, too, and that they're not what some of your friends think them to be—almond eyed people who have an opium den in every home.

But not for long do you enjoy your "snooze". With a great commotion and noise the boat commences its journey, just about two or three hours after it was supposed to start. If this racket doesn't wake you, doubtless the squeals of the pigs—packed on the top or rear of the boat—will bring you

back to earth. The pigs, too, object to being disturbed, and they do not hesitate to express their feelings.

The Center of Attraction—

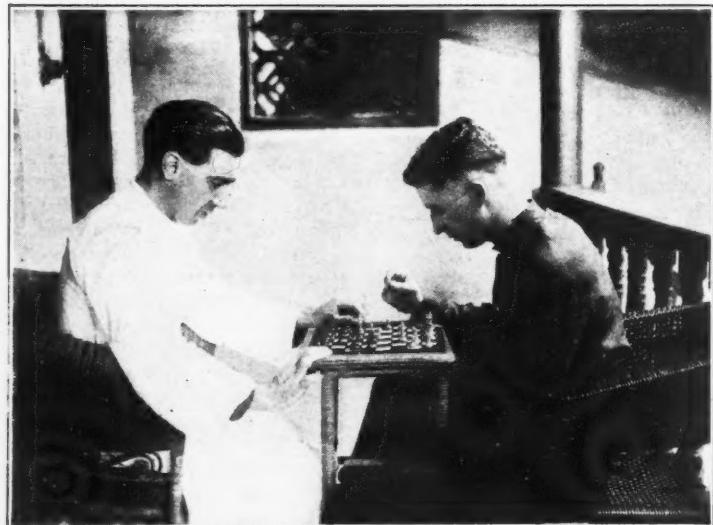
Act One of "the morning after the night before" is the "wash-up". As soon as you turn out of your bunk, a "fokki" brings you a basin of water, boiling hot, with a cup of cold water standing in its midst. The latter is for your teeth, and you don't use it, because you think it may be river water, or water not boiled. After you've refused the family towel, which is also offered, you find yourself very much in the center of the stage. Everything is observed, your tooth brush, soap, comb, and whatever you pull out of your bag.

Then comes *Act Two*, the morning meal. In this Act you create wonderment because you, a foreigner, eat Chinese style. You make your observers marvel if you wield the chopsticks with skill, just as you make them laugh when you handle them clumsily. On one occasion, when Fr. Regan and I were traveling together, the two of us were served last of all, and then the other passengers gathered around to watch the fun. We felt like a sideshow of Barnum's. But we had been in China long enough at the time to handle the chopsticks not too badly, if not too well.

Act Three of the play begins when you pick up your Breviary to read, or a book, or paper. There again, if you are an old hand at the game of traveling, you'll know enough to bring books and papers that have no pictures. For then you'll have a better chance of reading in peace, without having to explain what all the pictures mean. It is not an uncommon thing, when perusing your periodical, to have four or five looking over your shoulder; and, should another fellow feel the urge to discover what's on the other side, he does not hesitate to turn over the page for you. Back home in the States you'd call that "nerve", but over here you know it is rustic simplicity; and you enjoy it as much as your helpmate does in discovering what's on the other side of the page.

Contacts—

What means the most to the mis-



FR. JOSEPH W. REGAN, M.M., OF FAIRHAVEN, MASS., WHO LAST YEAR DISPENSED HOSPITALITY AND A GENIAL SMILE AT THE MARYKNOLL WUCHOW MISSION IN SOUTH CHINA, CHALLENGES FR. DEMPSEY IN A GAME OF CHESS

sioner on these journeys are the opportunities for conversational contacts with the Chinese.

There is, for example, the old farmer, simplicity itself, who is returning home on your boat after having taken a load of rice or several pigs to Wuchow to sell. He is very affable, and you enjoy him immensely. He asks you everything about yourself, even the most personal things; and, when that subject runs out, he starts on America and the farmers there. What do they raise? Why don't they raise rice? And so on. You appreciate his company, for, besides helping you to pass the time, he gives you a chance to practice what Chinese you know, and helps you to learn a lot more besides.

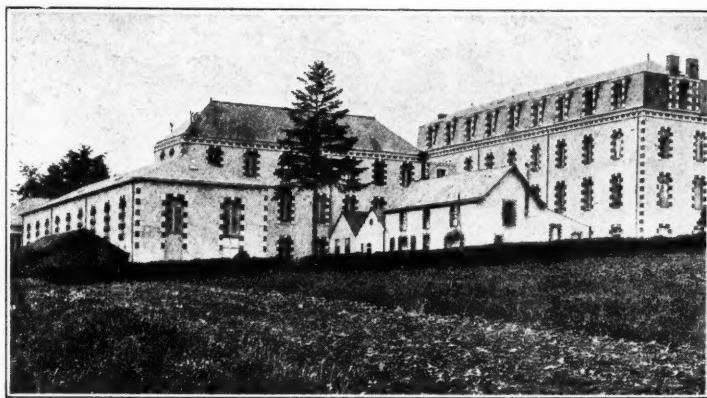
So your journey continues. Before it is finished you have had many an opportunity to tell what the Catholic Church is all about, to inform your companions that all Catholics are not French, that America is not all Protestant as they have been led to believe, that there are many Catholics in America, and that the Catholic Church and the Protestant Church are not the same.

The Homey Feeling—

It's about four p.m. when you get to Pingnam, even though you've started the night before, and Pingnam is but eighty-five miles above Wuchow. After more arguments with "sampan people" and coolies, too, you get yourself and your baggage up to the mission.

You are perhaps a little weary, but you're happy too; for in the home town, as you've passed through the streets, you've met a few friends—shopkeepers perhaps—who tell you they are glad to see you back, and who ask you how long you are going to stay. And in this way you smile yourself through the town to the mission.

At the mission gate you get the homey feeling when Patsy, the dog, gives you a licking and a barking welcome. Even Sparky, the old nag, gives a neigh or two, not because it's you who are home, but because he thinks it's the horse-boy, coming in to bring him another feed. And then, when your fellow-missioners greet you, you know you are home, and that you've finished your journey from Wuchow to Pingnam.



A VENARD COLLEGE IN FRANCE

The Paris Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll's model and "elder brother" in Europe, has opened this autumn a Preparatory College bearing the name of Blessed Théophane Vénard at Beaupréau, near Angers. May the lovable missioner-martyr draw many young recruits to this College, as he has already done to Maryknoll's Vénard School of Apostles in the hills of Pennsylvania!



Gathered Here and There

AT Vichy, in France, a Rest House for invalid missionaries has recently been dedicated by the Bishop of Moulins.

This house will be open to any missioner, without distinction of nationality or institute. It is due to the zeal and initiative of a Lazarist priest, Fr. P. Watthe.

Use Maryknoll seals.

A Maryknoller who revels in statistics recently brought to light the fact that one out of every six students in our Major Seminary is Sulpician-trained.

So were the two Founders of our American Foreign Mission Society, Father Walsh and the late revered Father Price; and it is our hope that the spiritual imprint of St. Sulpice upon Maryknoll may be ever our precious heritage.

Find a place on your envelopes for Maryknoll seals.

One of our missioners in Manchuria, formerly a resident of Midland, Pa., writes:

Ever since I have been in Manchuria, the Catholic Daughters of America, Midland Court No. 653, have never missed sending me a monthly check.

The sum may not appear large to the Midland Catholic Daughters, but it is a godsend to us over here. In local currency, it suffices to pay the yearly salary of our school teachers. Many young souls are thus instructed in the Faith through the charity of the Catholic Daughters in my American home town.

Sunning is a name worth recalling. If you have a Chinese laundryman, or possibly a restaurateur among your friends, ask him if he comes from Sunning. The chances are, five to one, that he does, or at least that he will know the thriving city in South China to which you refer.

Sunning has been built up largely from the high wages of "American" Chinese. Protestant missions are strong there, with large schools and churches. The Y.M.C.A., with its hotel accommodations, would do credit to an American city. Maryknoll has made a start in Sunning—by hiring an "upper room".



Frozen Byways of Manchuland

By Fr. Leo W. Hewitt, M.M., of Cumberland, Md., Maryknoll missioner in Manchuria



LN spite of the South Manchuria and Chinese Railways in the Land of the Manchus, travel in the sections of that extensive country which are remote from these arteries of transportation is still made under very primitive conditions.

A conveyance commonly used in Manchuria is the Peking cart, a two-wheeled, springless vehicle, famous in travelers' tales . . . but not for its comfort. Crouched in these "pill boxes on wheels", as our missionaries dub them, Maryknollers have journeyed many a weary mile over hill and dale in their quest for souls. In the zero temperatures of the Manchurian winter the missioner's breath covers his fur coat and cap and the curved hood of the cart with a thick layer of white frost.

In the account which follows, Fr. Leo W. Hewitt, M.M., formerly of St. Mary's parish in Cumberland, Md., describes a mission journey in the course of which the two Maryknollers had a very narrow escape from serious injury or death.

Fr. Hewitt was assigned to the Maryknoll field in south-eastern Manchuria last year, and, after some months devoted exclusively to language study, is now assisting Fr. Armand J. Jacques, M.M., of Windsor, Canada, at Ch'a Kou, the oldest Catholic mission in Manchuria.



THE CURATE OF CH'A KOU
The urchins in Cumberland, Md., did not wear the padded gowns of Fr. Hewitt's mission schoolboys, but he finds their pranks and loyal little hearts much the same

The Pass Blocked—

The sun was setting as Fr. Howard C. Geselbracht, M.M., of Chicago, Ill., Chang, our catechist, and I started up the last big mountain for the day. Progress was slow. Our animals were tired, and the ascent steep. I walked behind the sleigh, stopping when the animals did. The snow-covered peaks were reflecting in varied hues the faint rays of the dying sun.

My meditation was interrupted by Chang, who called back that the pass was blocked. His keen eyes had detected the dark outline of carts in the narrow pass at the top of the mountain, nearly half a mile ahead. He was sent on to investigate, and returned with word that it would be possible for us to get by the carts, but very difficult.

When we reached the pass, we found it blocked with seventy-five to a hun-

dred heavily loaded carts, averaging four animals to a cart. I wish I had space to describe this scene of disorder. Suffice it to say that the carts coming up both sides of the mountain had met here at the narrow cut. The carts in the cut itself were blocked at either end by others trying to force their way in.

Pagan Cruelty—

Knowing that it would be midnight before the pass was opened, we turned off the road, just behind the last carts on our side of the mountain, to a landing where we unloaded the sleigh and carried everything over the top of the mountain and down the other side to another landing. I remained there to watch the supplies, leaving Fr. Geselbracht and Chang to follow with the animals and the empty sleigh. The temperature was below zero, and the moon and stars shone brightly overhead.

From the landing on the brink of the cut I could see and hear the men and animals below. The air was filled with the sound of whips, boards, and clubs, beating on the backs of the poor animals; and each blow was accompanied with the shouts of the drivers. Here was paganism in its cruelty and thoughtlessness. Had I not been a foreigner, I think I should have offered my services as a traffic cop, and opened up the jam.

A Narrow Escape—

In the meantime, Fr. Geselbracht and Chang had climbed the steep ascent with the animals, and were preparing to descend to where I was. In descending, the sleigh swerved, and crashed into the mules. Fortunately, their legs were not broken. When they reached the landing, the sleigh was first, dragging the animals.

It did not take us long to reload, but, before we had finished, we looked up and saw a cart that had followed our course to the top of the mountain, and was preparing to descend. How the driver ever got the mules and cart up there, I cannot say.

We called to him to wait until we were out of the way. It was well we did, for as we were leaving we heard a crash—the cart was tumbling down the mountain side. It stopped on the landing where we had been a moment before, within a few feet of rolling

over the brink of the cut onto the men and animals below.

Night at the Inn—

About half way down the mountain, we got back on the narrow road. Three hours after dark we reached an inn. Among our visitors that night was a young Chinese doctor from the Peiping section. He had been a catechumen there, and promised to call at our mission in Hsin Pin for further instruction. Our quarters were somewhat better than those of the previous night. The "k'ang" (oven-bed) was warm, and we were tired. Before the last visitor left I fell asleep, leaving Fr. Geselbracht to entertain him.

Towards morning our sleep was interrupted by a marriage celebration across the street. Firecrackers were being shot off, and a band kept repeating an attempt to play a tune. At day-break, I found that we had not been alone during the night. The dog seemed harmless enough, so we permitted him to remain and enjoy the warm quarters.

Your dollar practically covers the cost of THE FIELD AFAR, but if you like the paper we shall be glad to have you add something when renewing.

An Ordination Anniversary—

After Fr. Geselbracht had eaten a Chinese breakfast, and I my bowl of rice, we started out for the third day of our trip. It was January the twenty-sixth, the first anniversary of my Ordination, and our second day without Mass. The morning was bitterly cold as we started up the first mountain for the day.

That afternoon, as we were approaching Hsin Pin, I could see the Protestant Mission, consisting of three large modern brick houses, a hospital, a school, and a church. When I learned that there was a radio in one of the houses where it was possible to listen in on station KDKA in Pittsburgh, I was tempted to make a call.

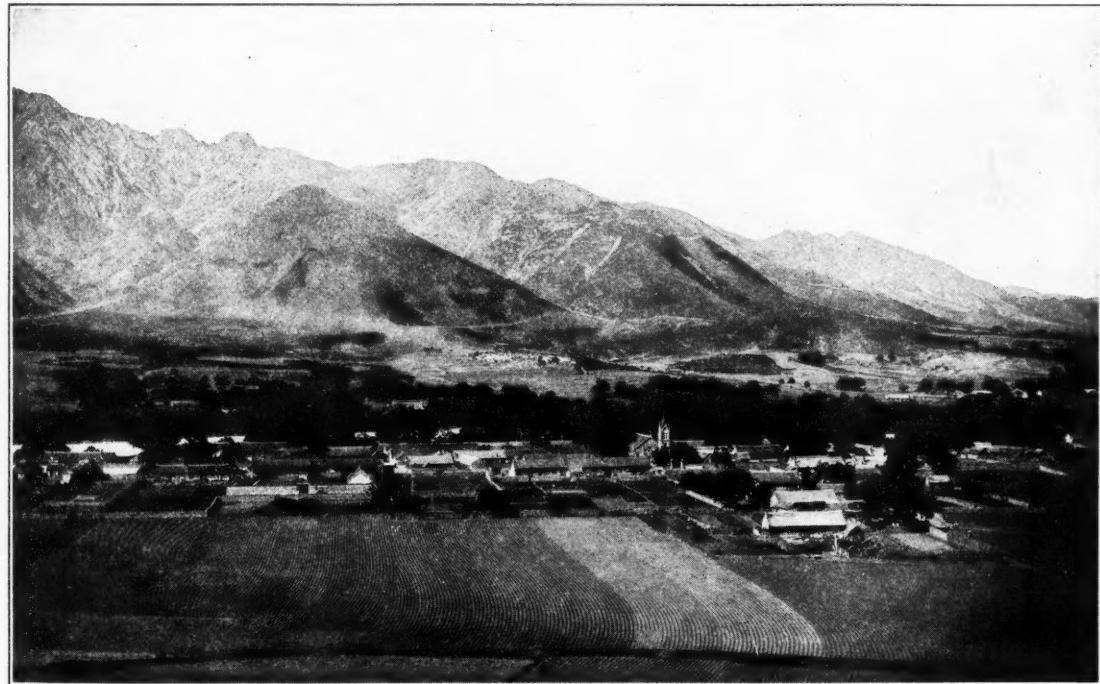
Hsin Pin—

About 4:30 p.m., we drove into the yard of our compound. The buildings—a church, priests' house, house for the catechist and school teachers, a house for the two native Sisters, and a building used for a schoolroom—are small, old, and in need of repairs.

Hardly had we gotten into the priests' house when Fr. Bridge, M.M., of Midland, Pa., arrived from the north. He and Fr. Joseph Sweeney, M.M., of New Britain, Conn., had left our Mission Center in Fushun nearly two months previously to visit the Christians scattered through the northern section of our field, to parts of which white men had never before penetrated.

After an early supper, we listened to Fr. Bridge's thrilling account of his experiences in the north. Then, after Office had been read around the small oil lamp, three tired men stretched out on their cots for a much needed rest.

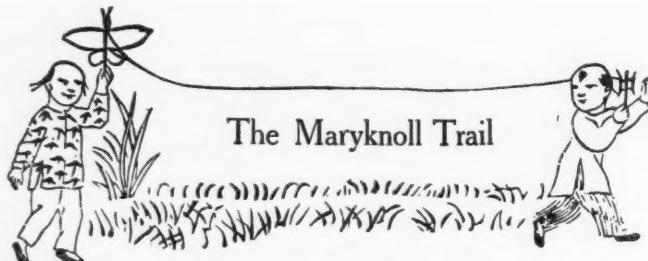
The Field Afar for life, \$50



CH'A KOU, THE OLDEST CATHOLIC MISSION IN MANCHURIA

Now a Maryknoll mission, Ch'a Kou formerly had as pastor Father Just de Bretenières, who in 1866 was martyred in Korea. Its present pastor, Fr. Armand J. Jacques, M.M., of Windsor, Canada, is assisted by Fr. Hewitt

OVER ONE HUNDRED YOUNG APOSTLES.



The Maryknoll Trail

FR. BURKE VISITS A SOUTH CHINA "GOD'S ACRE"

Yeungkong—
(Kongmoon Vicariate)

IT is All Souls Day, and Father Taggart, the Sisters, a large group of Christians, and I have returned from our little Catholic cemetery out in the hills of Yeungkong. We went out there after breakfast, to bless the graves and recite the Rosary for the dead. The women carried baskets of flowers, and decorated all the graves.

Sister Gertrude's grave is surrounded now by several little mounds, containing the bodies of abandoned waifs. I was deeply touched to see all the Christians offer a special prayer at her grave. During that one short year she lived among them they learned to love her, and they speak of her as though she had only passed away yesterday.

There were tears flowing down the faces of the women and young girls as they knelt in prayer; and I wondered whether they were praying for her soul, or asking her to pray for them. I did the latter myself, and asked her to intercede for the Yeungkong mission which she loved so well.

On the way back, we had a glimpse of our "God's acre" from one of the nearby hills. It looked like a beautiful flower garden in the midst of the bleak hills and the sod-covered graves of the pagans.

Editor's Note—(Fathers Taggart and Burke, of Brooklyn, N. Y., pastor and curate of the Yeungkong mission, made this visit on All Souls Day of 1930 to the grave where Sister Gertrude Moore, of New York City, lies buried in South China. Sister Gertrude, a graduate nurse, died at Yeungkong in 1923. Now another Maryknoller has made the supreme offering in the ancient walled city. Father Taggart's soul went to God on August 4, 1931. We have

recently received word from our South China missionaries that his grave is also in Yeungkong's little "God's acre".)

FR. DUFFY MEETS IN KOREA
AMERICAN LAY APOSTLES
Peng Yang—

(Korean Mission)

LAST year a well-known American business enterprise, the Corn Products Company, established a branch in Peng Yang. Two of its managers, Mr. Zink, in charge of the electric department, and Mr. Keisgan, in charge of the piping and plumbing, are practical Catholics, and have served their Faith generously.

During this period of acute economic distress, the mission has been deluged by appeals from poor people in search of employment. We turned to Mr. Zink and Mr. Keisgan, who offered to take as many workers as we recommended, as long as there were jobs to be manned. We have thus been able to aid many of our destitute Christians, and even pagans and Korean Protestants who have sought our aid.



SAY "Merry Christmas" to your friends with *Gift Subscriptions to*

THE FIELD AFAR

One *Gift Subscription* for a year may be had for a dollar; six of these *Subscriptions* will cost only five dollars.

An attractive Christmas card, bearing your name, will be sent to each of those for whom you subscribe.

A few days ago, a poor laborer came to the mission looking for work. He had set out on foot for Peng Yang from a distant province with his aged mother, his wife, and three little children. The wife became ill, so he was obliged to leave his family at a house along the way. He arrived here at three o'clock in the morning, after a five days' walk, and found the mission entrance barred. Not knowing anyone in town, he slept at the church gate until dawn. It was in the dead of winter, and the Christians could not understand how he escaped being frozen.

The poor fellow came to my room after Mass, and requested a letter to Mr. Keisgan. I told him I doubted there was an opening just then. He produced his pastor's letter, fell on his knees, and wept bitterly.

Knowing the size of Mr. Keisgan's Christlike heart, I sent the man to him. He is now happy and provided for. He sent his wife some of his earnings, brought his family to Peng Yang, and they are now housed in a snug little rented cabin, where, for the first time in many months, they are provided with sufficient food. This is but one of many similar cases.

The untold good for the Church and for souls which has followed the advent of the Corn Products Company in Peng Yang has been due, under God, to two splendid American Catholics who are not ashamed of their Faith, but who rejoice in their opportunities to aid their fellow men.

FR. SHERIDAN HAS A VISITOR FROM KOREA

St. Rita's Hall—

(Manila)

FR. STEPHEN HANNON arrived from the "Land of the Morning Calm", and gave a retreat for the students of St. Rita's Hall. His oratory was pleasing to the ear, the eye, and especially to the heart. Then there was his smile, which spoke for itself.

When the retreat was over, the students had a graduate banquet of roast pig, Spanish dishes, Chinese dishes, and the whole intermingled with speeches and songs.

Fr. Hannon, once of the Bronx in "little old New York", was prevailed upon to give a song, and supplied a rendition of *Mother of Mine*. The sub-

sequent applause would have gladdened John Barrymore's heart.

They Tell Us

THE Twentieth Anniversary Number of THE FIELD AFAR was a gem. What will the next twenty years do for Maryknoll?—*Brighton, Mass.*

I wish it were in my power to send a generous donation, for my heart's sympathy is with the missioners in China and with its natives.

I always pass THE FIELD AFAR around to some poor person who cannot subscribe, but who enjoys the pleasure of reading it.—*Seattle, Wash.*

Reading THE FIELD AFAR gives me thorough enjoyment. Not only the actual work and progress of the missioners interest me, but also their write-ups on the countries in which they are laboring.—*San Francisco, Calif.*

A friend has given me several copies of THE FIELD AFAR, and I like it so well that I am enclosing a money order for six years' subscription.

I admire so much the work you do to save pagan souls.—*Los Angeles, Cal.*

FAVORS RECEIVED

MY brother lost his position. I began novenas to the Sacred Heart, Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, and St. Jude; and in a short time my brother obtained another position.—*Elgin, Ill.*

Please have said for me a Mass in thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for my freedom during the past few months from epileptic convulsions.—*Atlanta, Ga.*

Anne is back in school now, and I give St. Francis Xavier credit for making her well.

We had her blessed with the relic of St. Francis Xavier, and she improved at once.—*Baltimore, Md.*

About a year ago, mother was very sick. I made a promise that, should her health improve without surgical attention, I would send a check to pay the expenses of one of your Chinese seminarians. The operation was avoided.



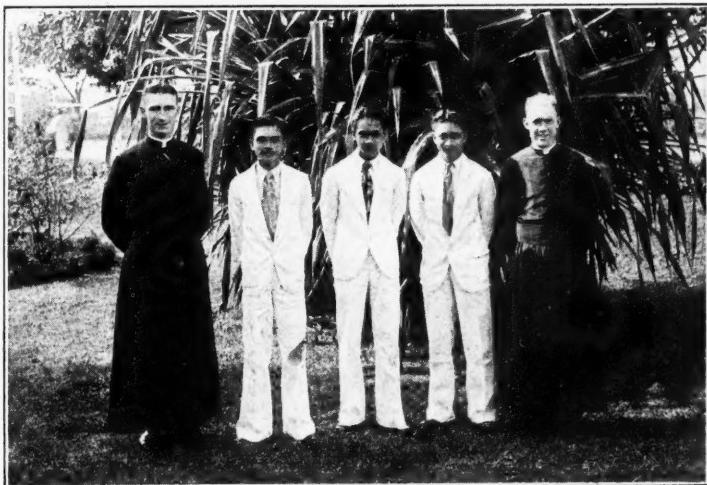
THE GRAVE OF SR. GERTRUDE MOORE, OF NEW YORK CITY, AT YEUNGKONG, SOUTH CHINA

The resting place of this devoted Maryknoll Sister is merely a rough mound, but it is often visited by Chinese women and girls in whom lives the grateful memory of the American "Sister doctor's" Christlike kindness

At the time of her illness I prayed to the Holy Family, to St. Teresa, St. Francis Xavier, and Blessed Théophane Vénard; and I promised to publish a thanksgiving to them in THE FIELD AFAR, in the hope that others also might like to adopt a native seminarian.—*Hamilton, Ohio.*

Please publish my thanksgiving to our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Lucia, St. Anne, and the Souls in Purgatory.—*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Please have Masses said in thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart and to the Little Flower.—*Brooklyn, N. Y.*



FR. STEPHEN V. HANNON, M.M., OF THE BRONX, NEW YORK CITY, WINS FRIENDS IN MANILA

These students from St. Rita's Hall in Manila are flanked on the left by their Director, Fr. Robert E. Sheridan, M.M., of Chicago, Ill., and on the right by Fr. Hannon a welcome visitor from Korea. Fr. Austin Hannon, a brother of our Korean missioner, was appointed this year to assist Fr. Sheridan

IS ONLY THE START.

Home Knoll Harvests and Thanksgiving



FULL house", was the complement when September brought home to the Knoll the vacationists, and added thirty odd newly adopted sons to "the family".

And a full house it stays—with some of the rooms turned into dormitories—temporarily, we are thankful to say.

The Seminary at Maryknoll is designed to accommodate about two hundred and fifty individuals. Just now it shelters one hundred and seventy-five.

"Lots of room," you say? No, because two wings are yet to spring from the present structure. Fortunately, however, the congestion will be relieved without the worry and expense of building while zigzagging to "dodge the sheriff".

More Elbow Room—

OUR good Sisters (this means all of them, presumably) are even now preparing to chase the workmen out of their new Mother-House, and they hope to succeed before Christmas.

Time will tell if their hopes can be realized; but in any event the Sisters should be out of their present quarters early in 1932, without being obliged to live in the open.

And then we, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, "Incorporated", will once more resume control of several frame buildings on the compound, thus obtaining more elbow room for our growing community.

The Major Seminary opened this year with one hundred and twelve students, twenty-seven Auxiliary Brothers, and a resident staff of fourteen priests.

Among the Brothers are six who received the habit on the Feast of the Assumption, and



TWO WHO LOVE CHINA
The Apostolic Delegate to China,
His Excellency, the Most Reverend
Celso Costantini, discusses with the
Maryknoll Superior General mission
problems of the great field

have now entered their probation year. They are Bro. Ciaran

HOW MANY DAYS?

ONE dollar will keep a
Maryknoll missioner—
and Christ—in China, or
Korea, for a day.

Without the Catholic priest, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will not draw these pagan peoples to the Divine Victim, their Savior Who died for them on the Cross.

For how many days will you be host to your Lord in the fields afar where He longs to dwell?

Burke, Bro. Clement Hanson, Bro. Marius Donnelly, Bro. Kevin Dawson, Bro. René Grimley, and Bro. Edward Musil.

It is fine to see "the family" grow, and the father of the flock is grateful for the vocations that come as gifts from God.

Of course, like the father of any large family with an uncertain income, he cannot help wondering occasionally how he can carry on if the growth continues; but the problem is largely that of Divine Providence.

Where Gratitude means Prayers—

AS the visitor to our Seminary walks along the upper corridors, he sees on many of the doors a tablet giving the name of the donor and asking a prayer.

Generations of aspirants to the apostolate will occupy these rooms; and each student in turn will be reminded many times a day as he opens and closes his room door that he should pray for the benefactor whose name is on it.

Investiture—

THE new men who have not already lived in seminaries look out of place for the first few months, appearing as they do in secular clothing; but November twenty-first will see them cassocked and cinctured, after which they will walk as to the manor born—even when they make the occasional change to overalls and jumpers.

The cassock investiture now takes place in the Seminary's temporary Chapel, which some day will serve the purpose for which it is designed, namely a hall for conferences and certain spiritual exercises.

As yet we do not dare to think of the future permanent Chapel as an urgent necessity; but lately, as we look at the well filled auditorium, we ask ourselves, "How long will it accommodate them?" We have not even hinted at of-

ferings for a new Chapel, and we have no idea of doing so until actually forced.

So far—with few, very few, exceptions—the Maryknoll Movement has not reached the hearts, nor even the minds, of well-to-do Catholics. But from time to time a flash of hope comes that among these some family will be found to grasp the precious and rare privilege which the erection and consecration of a Foreign Mission Seminary Chapel will provide.

Maryknoll Thanksgiving—

THANKSGIVING will be a blessed day at the Knoll. The fatted turkey will doubtless be replaced by another species, with white meat and lost squeals; but there will be good cheer, and doubtless a more bountiful repast than many even in this country will have.

Material co-operation has naturally fallen off with the present economic depression; but there is no Maryknoller, in the homeland or abroad, who lacks reason for gratitude to the Divine Provider for countless favors—most of all for the privilege of being chosen as an apostle of Christ.

That Reminds Us—

SPEAKING of Thanksgiving, we noticed in a recent issue of THE FIELD AFAR that Fr. Eckstein at Kaying gave his young Chinese seminarians for their Christmas dinner some duck, although for economy's sake they were satisfied to have pork.

We also remarked that the duck cost sixty cents a pound, but, had Fr. Eckstein translated this into United States coppers, it would have been twelve cents.

We are certain that our friends would not grudge the young Kaying aspirants a few ducks on Christmas day, especially since these boys have never been introduced to the mysteries of mince pie.

Our Brothers—

VISITORS to the Knoll are always impressed with the number of Auxiliary Brothers in the

IF you are in search of a Christmas gift for a friend in religion, a priest, Brother, or Sister—think of a Maryknoll Perpetual Membership.

We know that you will be blessed for making such a choice.

community. And, lest the Brothers overhear, we whisper it that the same visitors comment very favorably on their get-up and go (not to be taken literally).

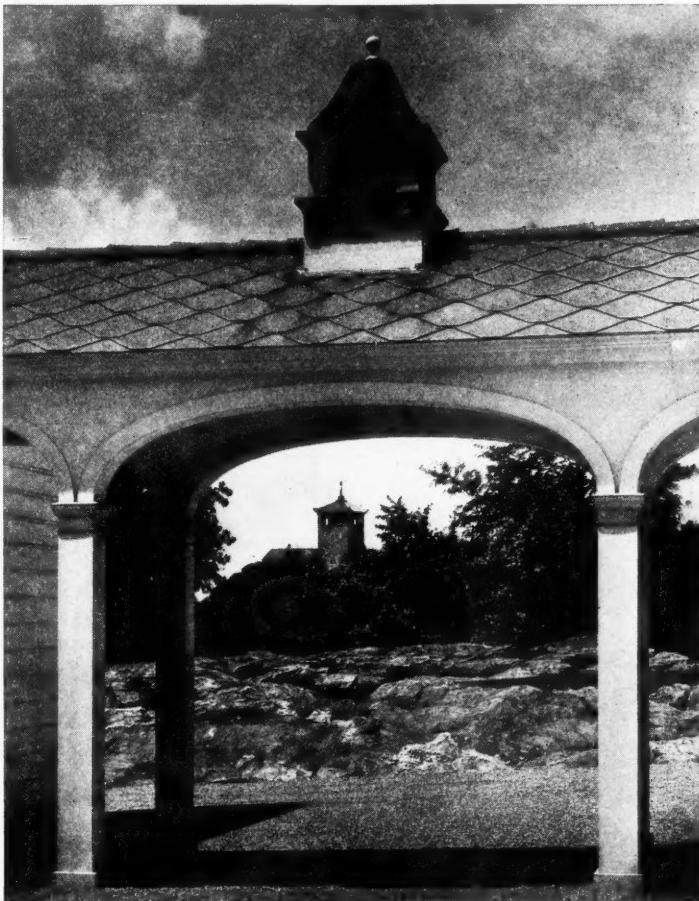
Like the rest of us on the compound, they are not all angels, nor

could we give them one hundred per cent for efficiency, any more than we could give it to ourselves, but we say much when we state that we are well satisfied with the service which they are rendering to God and to the Cause.

They number today sixty-seven; fifty-two professed, thirteen novices, and two postulants.

The Brothers are distributed as follows:

At Maryknoll, N. Y.	27
At St. Vincent's Hospital, N. Y.	4
At Clarks Summit, Pa.	11
At Cincinnati, Ohio.	1
At Los Altos, Calif.	3
At San Francisco, Calif.	2



Picture by H. H. Costain, of Scarsdale, N. Y.
THE MARYKNOLL SEMINARY TOWER, GLIMPSED FROM A NEIGHBOR'S PROPERTY

REQUIRES \$1 A DAY.

THE FIELD AFAR

NOVEMBER, 1931

At San Juan Bautista, Calif.	1
At Los Angeles, Calif.	3
At Seattle, Wash.	3
At Honolulu.	1
In South China.	7
In Manchuria.	1
In Korea.	2
In Rome.	1

The Paulist Radio—

MARYKNOLL priests broadcast frequently from the Paulist Radio Station WLWL.

These opportunities are presented through the courtesy of the Paulist Fathers; and we know from many letters received that the talks are appreciated by listening friends.

The Paulist Station reaches many remote points, although we learn that there are sections it fails to cover.

It should not be forgotten that radio service is costly, and the Paulist Fathers should be backed by Catholics who are in a position to help them carry on this important work.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Triple Demism of Sun Yat-Sen

Translated from the Chinese, annotated, and appraised by Paschal M. D'Elia, S. J. Contains introduction and index. An essential book for those seeking to appreciate the spirit of the New China. Published by the Franciscan Press, Catholic Mission, Wuchang, Hupeh, China. Single copy, \$1.75.

Novena for Christmas

Published by The Little Flower Mission Circle of 422 East 148th Street, New York City. Single copy, 10¢; one hundred copies, \$8.

A Prayerbook for Catholics

By the Rev. Placid Schmid. This prayerbook is accompanied by Missal leaflets, the purpose of which is to enable the faithful to follow the entire Mass, together with the priest. Published by Lawrence N. Daleiden and Co., 617-19 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill. Prices ranging from \$2.00 to \$4.50.

The Art—Principle of the Liturgy

By Abbot Ildefons Herwegen, O.S.B. Translated from the German by Rev. William Busch. Published by The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Single copy, 25¢.

Maryknoll-in-California

By Fr. James G. Keller, M.M., of San Francisco, Director of Maryknoll activities in California



FR. JAMES G. KELLER, M.M.

ID it ever occur to you that in sunny California there are more Maryknoll houses than in any other State of the Union?

If San Francisco happened to be the first city you visited in California, you would not have far to go from any part of this fair city of St. Francis to reach the headquarters of Maryknoll in San Francisco, at 1492—think of Columbus! —McAllister Street.

The uses it serves are many and varied, and its small resident force never suffers from monotony. There are frequent visitors by day and overnight, from across the sea and from across the land. It is a center for spreading vocational interest, as well as for gathering a few shekels of the many needed for our mission work at home and in the fields afar.

The Los Altos Maryknoll

But enough for the city by the Golden Gate. Let us start southward

down the *El Camino Real*, that great Highway of the King that connects all the missions of California, and over which the heroic padres of old tramped their weary way in their zeal to win the souls of the simple Indians.

As we leave town, we pass Mission Dolores, and then after a spin of little more than an hour down the peninsula, past San Mateo, Menlo Park, and Stanford University, and a short climb up a hilltop, we find, nestled on the most beautiful knoll in Los Altos, an attractive building that blends in its architecture the lines of the early California missions and occasional touches suggestive of the Orient.

And this is the Maryknoll Junior Seminary of the West, where fifty young native sons are being slowly formed into priestly sons of Maryknoll, who will one day cross the nearby Pacific and work in pagan lands.

A convent of the Maryknoll Sisters is on the same compound. They do much to help in the work of the Seminary, and have further interested themselves in week-end retreats for women.

San Juan Bautista—

But we must be on our way, and southward we continue along the highway lined on either side with beautiful orchards, past the Mission of Santa Clara, through the city of San Jose, and in sixty or seventy minutes, with the help of our trusty Ford, or Packard—whichever you please—we find ourselves at the door of the lovely old Mission San Juan Bautista, that has been entrusted to the care of Maryknoll.

The one hundred and thirty-three years of its glorious past seem to hold an indefinable charm for every visitor to its cloister. Maryknoll has done much to preserve the beauty of this precious old landmark; and it has tried to do even more for the few hundred souls that live in the quaint little town that bears its name.

Not far away, working in the fertile fields and orchards, are several thousand sons and daughters of the Ori-

SPONSOR ONE OF THESE CHRISTBEARERS

ent, and Maryknoll is looking forward to the day when it can teach them the noble lesson that more than a century ago the padres brought into the lives of the Indians.

In the City of the Angels—

The next Maryknoll house is several hours away, in Los Angeles. But it is not an unpleasant run. It leads us past Del Monte, along the famous seventeen mile drive to Pebble Beach, and then through one after another of California's famous missions and towns, their melodious names sounding in our ears like the Litany of the Saints—San Lucas, San Ardo, Santa Inez, San Miguel, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Santa Susanna, Santa Monica. And finally we reach the City of the Angels, Los Angeles, which this year celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth birthday. How much it owes to the missioner—its very foundation, its beautiful name of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels, and its whole lovely background. Little wonder that Maryknoll should expect much from a city so indebted to the missioners.

The headquarters of the Maryknoll Fathers in Los Angeles are at 1220 South Alvarado Street, in a simple house that serves as procure and center, like the San Francisco establishment. But Maryknoll does not merely take, in Los Angeles. It is also giving much.

A twenty minute ride across the busy center of the city, and we find ourselves in the Maryknoll Japanese School, where four hundred little ones are being trained by the Maryknoll Sisters. Another short run to the Maryknoll Japanese Mission, where we discover its pastor, several Brothers who with their three large buses chaperon the Japanese children to and from school, and, finally, a native Japanese teacher. Directly across the street is the Maryknoll Convent, which shelters the Sisters, the teachers of the four hundred. But not satisfied with a home for themselves, they have also made room for almost fifty little Japanese orphans, most of whom would be homeless were it not for the charity of the Maryknoll nuns.

Monrovia—

And now for the eighth, and last, Maryknoll house in California. It is a

short distance out of Los Angeles at the foot of the Sierra Madre mountains, in the little town of Monrovia. Here we find at the Maryknoll Sanatorium another group of devoted Maryknoll Sisters, giving their lives for Japanese who are afflicted with the dread disease of tuberculosis.

Maryknoll's Object—

So that is *Maryknoll in California*. Much more could be added concerning those in California who have come to know Maryknoll, and, by evidence of

their kind and generous interest in our work, have shown their love for it. Archbishop, bishops, priests, Brothers, nuns, seminarians, and men and women in every walk of life—we have many reasons to count them as loyal friends.

They have done much for Maryknoll in California, and in the years ahead we are confident they will do much more to help Maryknoll fulfill its object, which is nothing more nor less than this: *To bring to other lands what the missioners brought to California.*



MARYKNOLLERS AND A GROUP OF FRIENDS IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
Fr. Keller and Fr. Coulehan welcome students of Los Angeles and Hollywood to Maryknoll headquarters in the City of Angels

WITH A DOLLAR A DAY,

THE FIELD AFAR

NOVEMBER, 1931

THE FIELD AFAR

*Published by Ecclesiastical Authority
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at the rate of eighty cents a year).
Six years' subscription..... \$5.00
Subscription for life..... \$50.00
(Membership in the Society is included
with all subscriptions.)

**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

ALL Saints! All Souls! Mother Church, ever thoughtful, would remind us of those who have preceded us in the long line that has passed through the gate of Eternity.

The feast of November the first marks the glorification not only of those whose names are inscribed on the Church's altars, but of the millions—some of our own among them—who have run the race and won their crowns.

November the second, All Souls, marks the solicitude of the Church for those who, leaving their bodies on this earth, find themselves at the Judgment Seat of God without the purification requisite for the Beatific Vision. Their day of trial is over. Among them are relatives and friends of ours. Others have no friends. Shall we forget our own, or have no pity on those who are without friends?

Sponsor a Maryknoller.

WE make no excuse for urging our friends to sponsor a missioner, actual or embryonic. Today we have one hundred on the field, across the Pacific; and a hundred (plus) in our Major Seminary, preparing for their life work.

A poor man or woman, rich in

faith, would consider it a joyous privilege to sponsor an aspirant to the apostolate, or a full-fledged missioner.

A rich man, poor in faith, would look upon the suggestion as "another" attempt to impoverish him.

There are Catholics, neither rich nor exceedingly poor, who, thank God, have such faith that they are only too glad to co-operate with the great Church in her supreme effort to evangelize the world.

Such a Catholic may not be able to sponsor a missioner for any considerable length of time, but he will gladly do what he can to provide the daily sustenance—which Maryknoll has placed at one dollar—for her sons in the Major Seminary or on the mission field.

**The missioner belongs to the
Church, and looks to it for
sustenance.**

YOU, dear reader, have your own to pray for during this Month of the Holy Souls; but we will ask you to give at least a passing moment to the soul of Father Taggart, Maryknoll missioner in China, whose unexpected death we have already recorded.

**The soldier is not expected
to provide for his own keep.**

FRINEDS of Maryknoll share in over seven thousand Masses every year. These Masses, offered by Maryknoll priests, are applied to the intentions of our Associate Members—for themselves, or for their dear dead.

Priest friends will realize that Maryknoll is thus making a con-

**WE can make only
spiritual gifts to the
dead—but we should not
fail to do so.**

siderable sacrifice in favor of its benefactors, but we feel that the sacrifice is more than justified, and hope to continue indefinitely this measure of gratitude.

**Few missioners can spare
time to ply a trade. Saint Paul,
as tentmaker, was an excep-
tion.**

SOUTH CHINA, the ugly duckling among Missions, preened itself and flashed the first incipient plumage of its belated but bright promise on a recent day of hot July. The color was purple, and it became well the broad shoulders of Bishop Boniface Yeung, consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Canton and thereby incidentally made the first fruits of South China's native hierarchy. Another Chinese bishop, Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J., of Haimen in Kiangsu Province, was the consecrator, with Bishops Ignatius Canazei of Shiuchow and James E. Walsh of Kongmoon assisting.

The new bishop is a missioner of singular zeal, and has been a great convert maker. May he be blessed and supported in his new charge by the great Converter of souls, and may he be followed for the building up of South China by a long line after his own apostolic model.



THE birthday of Blessed Théophane Vénard, November twenty-first, coincides with the Feast of Our Lady's Presentation. This makes a happy combination for those lovers of Mary who have also taken to their hearts the young martyr of Tongking.

It is interesting to note that Blessed Théophane Vénard is being rediscovered in Europe. A more complete life, the work of the Abbé Trochu, has recently appeared in France, and has found its way into Belgium. *A Modern Martyr*, the Maryknoll life of Blessed Théophane, has already

FOR AS MANY DAYS AS YOU CAN,

been translated into Italian and German.



THOSE who follow the Ecclesiastical Year—and their number is growing—know that during the Autumn Season the Church brings out strongly the duty of thanksgiving to God, for the harvests, and for countless other blessings.

Perhaps some day the Church's spirit will be manifested in this country by large congregations in every parish assisting at Mass on Thanksgiving Day.

Already there are parish priests and individual Catholics who turn the early morning of our civil holiday into a period of devotion—urging the duty of gratitude to God for life, liberty, and the opportunity to pursue happiness eternal.

The missioner's family can hardly be expected to support him, when they have given him to the Church.

OUR friends have seen much in the Catholic press during recent months concerning the far-reaching influence of the Catholic University of America in our national Catholic life. A clearing house of ideas is needed to provide the directive for Catholic action, and the Catholic University, surrounded as it is with a rich cluster of religious houses of many congregations and societies, is in a peculiarly happy position to fulfill this purpose.

For the American missioner also, the University is an object of special hope, as he looks forward to the time when this great center will provide for him what several European universities have propitiously undertaken, and what a number of non-Catholic universities have been doing for our separated missionary brethren.

There is much in pagan history, culture, and religion which it is necessary for the missioner to know if he is to be at his best. He



A MARYKNOLL PATRON

Blessed Théophane Vénard, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. Born Nov. 21, 1829. Martyred in Indo-China, Feb. 2, 1861. This picture is taken from a photograph, dating from Sept., 1852

could draw many lessons from the history of nineteen centuries of mission effort, from the experiences of missioners past and present. On the field the missioner has neither the time nor the opportunity to delve into these questions as he would like; and when he looks for a reference work to meet his needs he too often finds it tainted with irreligion and bias.

University specialists are required in this field, as in others; and inter-university action among the Catholic schools of America, Europe, and Asia will increase the usefulness of all for God and souls.

A chair of Chinese literature

was recently introduced at the Catholic University; courses in cultural and religious anthropology and the allied branches have been listed for several years; and we may hope that specialized studies in mission history and missiology will not be long in coming.

For food, lodging, travel, and various personal needs, a dollar a day is not much to ask for a missioner living in a civilized country. It will be a welcome offering.

ARE you looking ahead to Christmas? The store people are certain to let you know well ahead that the gift season is approaching. Perhaps you have already begun to worry, asking yourself: "What shall I give to Mary, and what to John, and what to little Catherine, and what to Jimmy?"

The *Maryknoll Gift List* of books and mission souvenirs can relieve you to some extent. Take a good look at it, on page 324; and don't forget that among all these gifts none will be quite so worth while as a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.



HE who has money and no children is not rich; he who has children and no money is not poor. So at least think the Chinese, who crystallized the sentiment in this proverb.

God showed Himself a Father when He instituted children. He probably thinks a good deal of people who appreciate them. That surely means that He in Whom all paternity in heaven and on earth is named (*Eph. 3.15*) will have a special blessing for the child-loving Chinese.

Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench charity, neither can the floods drown it: if a man should give all the substance of his house for love, he shall despise it as nothing.—Canticle of Canticles, VIII: 6, 7.

MARYKNOLL CHRISTMAS SEAL

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THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

EVEN IF IT BE ONLY ONE.

With Maryknollers in the Society's

By the V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M.A., Boston



PREVIOUS issues of THE FIELD AFAR have contained the account of the Maryknoll Superior General's recent visitation of the Society's houses in the Hawaiian and the Philippine Islands, and the record of the beginning of his journeys through the Kongmoon Vicariate in South China, Maryknoll's first mission field in the Orient.

In the pages which follow, Father Walsh relates his findings in four missions of the Kongmoon territory—Chiklung, Yeungkong, Sunchong, and Chikkai.

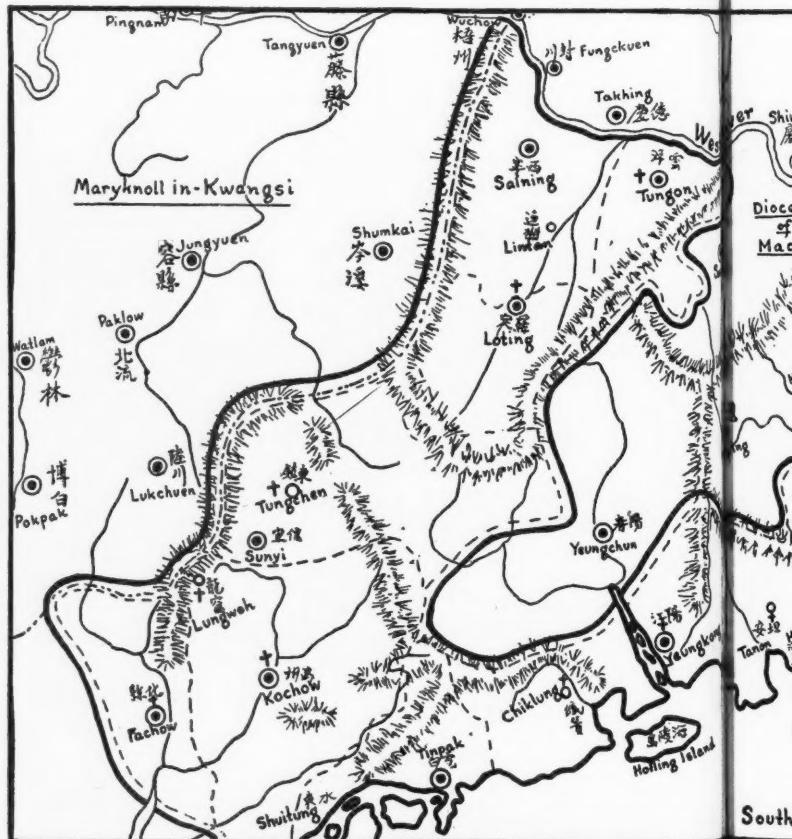


WE LOVE SHAN-FU (FATHER)

At Yeungkong, in March, Father Walsh was welcomed by its zealous and active pastor, Father Philip A. Taggart, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y. Father Taggart then appeared to be in excellent health; and the cable bringing the news of his death, which occurred at Yeungkong on August 4, 1931, was a shock to all and to none more than to his Superior General.

The Chiklung Alley—

When we reached Chiklung we found Fr. Bauer, once of Penzberg, Bavaria, waiting to greet us. Chiklung's first Maryknoll pastor was the late Fr. Hodgins, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and ten years ago at Yeungkong he showed me with happy anticipation the furniture which he had bought and was about to carry to his new mission. His start was a hard one—no land, no house, and limited means. He lived for a while under mean conditions of shelter and food; but he managed to



THE MARYKNOLL KONGMOON VICARIATE IN SOUTH CHINA

Catholics' Oldest Overseas Mission Field

Walsh, M. of Boston, Mass., Superior General of Maryknoll



build a house high enough, at least on its upper story, to escape occasional floods. I offered my Mass for him the next morning, but I hope and feel that he must be even now with God.

The compound at Chiklung is at the end of an alley. It has a poor approach, but a broad and attractive outlook. Fr. Bauer seemed well, although he had only recently returned from the hospital. The Christians were around him as we entered the small walled courtyard, and they quickly filled the chapel, a room on the ground floor. It

did not take long to go over the property of this young missioner, but there was abundant evidence of a fine, praiseworthy spirit.

An Enterprising Missioner—

Fr. Bauer has initiated at Chiklung two ideas which are well worthy of study and trial.

Just outside his house, on the wall facing the public thoroughfare (not to call it again an alley), he places regularly a homemade "Illustrated Sheet", about five by three feet. On this sheet

are pasted reproductions of photographs and paintings, culled from magazines — sent by friends of America, or Germany, his native land.

These pictures present various activities of the Church in other lands, or in China; large gatherings of people; great edifices; portraits of the Holy Father in St. Peter's receiving pilgrims; and so forth. Alongside of each picture is a description in Chinese, with occasional short articles. (Friends anxious to supply pictures should first cut them out of the magazines, otherwise the missioner will usually have postage to pay.) The townspeople have become interested in this *Illustrated Catholic News*, and we hope to see it kept up for a worth while trial.

Another idea of Fr. Bauer's is to



FOLLOW FR. WALSH'S JOURNEYINGS ON THIS MAP



MARYKNOLL SCHOOLBOYS AT PLAY

THE FIELD AFAR

NOVEMBER, 1931

mimeograph twice a week three hundred sheets of doctrine and moral teaching for distribution in the town. Small boys spread these sheets in the shops.

Fr. Bauer's spare room invited sleep that night; but the pillow bore the salutation "Good Morning", and for a moment I did not know whether I was going to bed or getting up.

Changing China—

Those were rainy days, and we longed for the sun, if for no other reason than to dry the alleys; but weather is weather, and we slipped along next morning, this time without the Bishop, who had to stay over for Confirmations.

We were in a sampan for the first few hours, poled or blown along as the wind favored us, and from the sampan we were promoted with some difficulty to the local "steamboat".

At last we pulled into the broad river that runs from the sea to the market town of Yeungkong. We climbed out of our narrow quarters and gazed at Yeungkong, in search of some mark by which we could identify the mission compound.

As we neared our landing place, I could see that a great change had come over Yeungkong since my visit in 1921. Blocks of two and three story houses stretched away from the river front, and even higher buildings showed themselves here and there. Our steamer pushed its shabby little nose into some bamboo palings, and I saw towering above the crowd on an upper platform the pastor, Fr. Taggart, of Brooklyn, N. Y., one of very few white men in the entire district. He could only watch us struggle up the rickety steps, and greeted us as we reached the top in safety.

In a few moments we were wide-eyed, as we walked along the main street with its fine shops and concrete paving. I could hardly believe that this was the place of narrow alleys through which I had formerly dodged dirt, pigs, and hens. Changing China! Yes, here and there we see what is coming, and are surprised that it comes so soon.

Heyday for Missioners—

We proceeded in state to our Maryknoll alley, into which we had hardly



THE LATE FATHER PHILIP A. TAGGART, M.M., OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Like our Father Daniel L. McShane, of Columbus, Ind., who lies buried at Loting in South China, Father Taggart was an "Apostle of the Babes". He made hundreds of these abandoned waifs heirs of heaven

penetrated when the usual firecracker barrage greeted us.

We lost sight of the entrance, and sputtered as we followed Fr. Taggart and Fr. Martin Burke, also of Brooklyn, N. Y., through the smoke; but we managed to get into the chapel, and the Christians who could be gathered came after us. The chapel at Yeungkong is most attractive, bright and clean—a remarkable accomplishment for a China mission chapel. More than that, it is in good taste.

These characteristics were manifested in the entire compound of Yeungkong—the priests' house, the old peoples' home, the catechists' quarters, and the lodgings for the Christians attending the feasts. It was all edifying and comforting evidence that even on a Chinese mission one is not obliged to keep up camp life indefinitely.

Fr. Taggart had recently built a cattchumenate for women. The structure is of brick, and it is two stories high. Here he will gather women who live in remote villages, where there is no one to instruct them. The Maryknoll Sisters will help in their instruction, and, after Baptism, the women will return to their villages.

This new building cost \$1,500 Cantonese, which at the present rate of exchange means \$300 gold. One can hardly credit this figure, but it shows that the present is heyday for American missioners with some real dollars to spend and necessary buildings to erect. It was not so long ago that \$1,500 Cantonese equalled that amount in United States currency.

The Yeungkong Sisters—

Maryknoll Sisters at Yeungkong number five, two of whom are there to study the language. The other three, under Sr. M. Lawrence (of Fall River, Mass.), are gradually finding openings for their zeal. They are seasoned missioners, and already have a good hold on the language. Fr. Taggart was convinced that they will greatly strengthen the mission, especially through their contacts with women, who in China can be successfully reached only through representatives of their own sex.

The Sisters are comfortably housed in a compound of their own, and have only to cross the alley to be with their

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

NO form of interest is more welcome to us at Maryknoll than that which is evidenced by a request for

PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP

Such a request implies confidence.

It assures us of a life subscriber, and avoids the possible trouble and expense, not to speak of the embarrassment, of dunning a friend.

charges, or to go to the mission chapel. They have also their own convent chapel. A group of blind children are among their charges, and we found them making nets to be sold to fishermen.

Dr. Dobson—

I met a few old friends at Yeungkong. Among them was Dr. Dobson, of the Presbyterian mission. The personnel of this mission in Yeungkong have been very kind since the arrival of Maryknollers, and, before that, towards the French priests.

Dr. Dobson is a medical missionary, and has been in the China service for nearly thirty-five years. He is very active and resourceful. Thanks to the courtesy of these good people, Maryknollers are supplied daily with pure drinking water; and their sick receive

EVERY life subscriber comes automatically into Maryknoll Perpetual Membership (as outlined in our Constitutions, approved at Rome), and shares in the Masses, prayers, labors, and sufferings of our missionaries.

all necessary treatment at low rates.

Catechist Suggestions—

Instructions to catechists were in order while we were at Yeungkong. Catechists, so indispensable for mission work, are not all high class; but all should be carefully trained in the main doctrines and moral principles of the Church. The head catechist at Yeungkong is a valuable man, and other catechists from the outlying missions are periodically called in to benefit by his

knowledge.

While on the subject of catechists, I recall that Bishop Walsh is somewhat anxious because his catechist funds have dwindled considerably of late. Most of his priests depend on the Bishop for the support of catechists. When this is not forthcoming, catechists must be discharged, and missions weakened.

I have wished repeatedly, and expressed the desire frequently that Catholic organizations in the homeland—Holy Name Societies—for example, could be interested in the idea of sustaining catechists on the missions. Directors of Holy Name Societies have found that the interest of members can be strengthened by their participation in some definite enterprise affecting the Church. Catechist support would undoubtedly appeal to many Holy Name



FATHER TAGGART, M.M., FATHER JAMES E. McDERMOTT, M.M. OF WORCESTER, MASS., AND CHINESE CATECHISTS AT THE MARYKNOLL YEUNGKONG MISSION IN SOUTH CHINA
The Yeungkong Catholic Mission had lain fallow since the anti-foreign agitations of 1925. Taking over the care of it in 1929, Father Taggart restored the buildings and made the grounds once more trim.

CHAPELS, PRIESTS' HOUSES, SCHOOLS, SUPPLIES.

THE FIELD AFAR

NOVEMBER, 1931

Societies as a simple and efficient expression of faith and zeal.

Correspondence could be established with English speaking missioners. Today, with Dominicans, Passionists, Vincentians, Jesuits, Franciscans, Benedictines, Maryknollers, and others from America on the field, there would be little or no difficulty in establishing connections.

Women catechists, too, are needed; and these could be related to Sodalities of women.

I have touched the subject of catechists because I realize their value, and more fully still the need of catechists whom all classes will respect. If it is kept in mind that even a passable knowledge of Chinese requires years of preparation, one reason will be manifest why the missioner must depend on his catechist. It must also be remembered that the missioner may have ten to fifteen stations, each requiring long, continued, and intelligent teaching of doctrine.

The Sunchong Maryknoll—

Our next run was to Sunchong, the mission of Fr. Robert Cairns, of Worcester, Mass., who after ten years had been allowed a furlough in the States.

The mission at Sunchong is not attractive, physically. It is accessible by a shaky little bridge, that springs from an alley across a noisome canal, and lands near the compound entrance.

Strings of firecrackers, set off as soon as we were discovered, announced the important event to all within earshot; and the acting pastor, Fr. Heemskerk, of Hillegorn, Holland, appeared. We entered the chapel, waited for a prayer chanted by the Christians, and afterwards addressed the people, Bishop Walsh interpreting for the *Wee-chung* (head of the Society). We then retired to the priests' sanctum, under the sympathetic but curious gaze of the people; and later showed ourselves for their continued entertainment.

It was Saturday night at Sunchong, and Christians had come in from the outlying villages for Mass and the Sacraments. The Bishop and Fr. Heemskerk heard confessions; after which we sought out not too luxurious beds, while the villagers who had come to town stretched themselves on the board space provided for them in this

Spread the name of Maryknoll with a Christmas seal.

as in all the missions. I could hear their small talk well into the night, and again at daylight.

Sunday morning, after Mass and breakfast, we proceeded magnificently over the shaky bridge and along the canal to the head of Main Street, where a bus surrounded by gaping natives



TWO PILOTS

In the foreground is Peter Lo, of Tintao, pilot par excellence of the Maryknoll Superior General's Kongmoon visitation; behind him stands Fr. Constantine F. Burns, M.M., of Toledo, Ohio, pilot of "The Crusader"

YOU can save, and we shall be favored, if you make use of the Maryknoll gift list this holiday season.

A book, a Chi Rho pin or ring, mission souvenirs, embroideries for Church or home—these are at your call.

was awaiting us. Much rain had softened the roads, and on our way to Sunning City we were at times doubtful of a through passage. Fortunately, our bus was not crowded; and by alighting occasionally we enabled the chauffeur to plough through the red mud—large, soft souvenirs of which we carried back into the bus.

"Returned Americans"—

Sunning City is a paradise for "returned American Chinese", as also for their relatives, friends, and sundry leeches. It is surprisingly developed, with numerous wide streets, large houses, good shops, schools, and public buildings.

And yet with thousands of inhabitants, many of whom have lived in foreign countries, Sunning has not even a Catholic chapel. In preparation for a future mission of Sunning, Fr. Cairns has rented a third story "tenement". The location suggests "East Side, West Side"; and, as I puffed up the stairs into what might be called our reception room, and saw hanging on the wall a print of Alfred Emmanuel Smith, of New York, U.S.A., I rubbed my eyes.

If Mr. Al. Smith could see Sunning, and trail its source of success, he would begin to cultivate the Chinese of the Metropolis he loves so well, and might even subscribe to a new chapel for this churchless city in China.

Peter Lo—

When we left Sunning we planned to be with Fr. McGinn that evening at Chikai; but we were told that chair-bearers would not carry us after dark, as bandits had been recently active on this route. We decided, therefore, to make a shorter run to a mission station of Chikai, called Tintao, the home of Peter Lo who had been with us from the start of the Kongmoon visitation, watchful as a faithful dog, and as intelligent as he is resourceful—which says much.

Peter Lo smiles on very slight provocation; and smiles fell all over his face, like lais on a Honolulu guest, when we decided to honor his town and his home with a visit.

At Tintao welcoming firecrackers revealed the imposing three story structure owned by Mr. Peter Lo, and op-

erated by himself and "the Missus". We entered by Peter's store. It was too dark to note its contents, but later we discovered that Peter's fortune was not on display. Incidentally we remarked, however, that Peter's house was surmounted by a Cross—his profession of faith.

Meanwhile, Madame, under Peter's sophisticated direction prepared a "foreign" meal—with the help of the store shelves, a can opener, and some bread which Peter had managed to pick up as we traveled.

Chikkai on the Sea—

The following day we resumed our journey over hill trails, until the South China Sea broke on our vision and we knew that Chikkai was near. Chikkai! Behind it, in the mountains, bandits have lived for years, descending to prey upon the villagers, or to sweep the waters for unsuspecting victims.

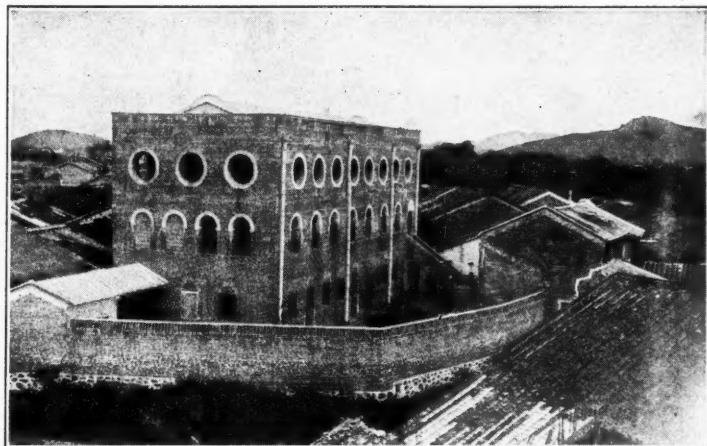
We had managed to get a telephone message from Tintao through to the pastor, Fr. McGinn, of Philadelphia, Pa., and learned with special pleasure that Fr. Burns, of Toledo, Ohio, had already arrived at Chikkai in his motor sampan from Sancian Island. We found him with Fr. McGinn at the mission gate, while the school boys' band played, firecrackers jumped, and the embryonic Chinese army stood at attention. Into the compound we entered.

It is a bright spot set at the end of the village, with an outlook on the sea, and a mountain background. The chapel, adorned with one of Bro. Albert's altars, opened to us; and, after the usual blessing, followed by a brief talk, we settled down for a twenty-four hour visit.

We had not planned for so long a stay, but Fr. Burns had to find gasoline, and filling stations are unknown in this precise sector of Far Cathay. So we looked over the school, and the new house for visiting Christians and catechumens, and managed in other ways to fill out the day usefully and most agreeably.

The "Crusader"—

Our departure the next morning was an event—the first in a motor boat from Chikkai to Sancian Island, where St. Francis Xavier died. The school



THE MARYKNOLL CHIKLUNG MISSION

The Chiklung house was built by Father Anthony P. Hodgins, M.M., of Brooklyn, N. Y., under very difficult conditions. The young missioner, a former lawyer, died soon after its completion, in 1922. The lower story of the house is frequently flooded.

band tuned up again for the occasion, and accompanied us, as did all the Christians in Chikkai, to the homely sampan which we took to reach our own boat, moored because of a low tide a good half mile from shore.

Soon we were cozily settled on the "Crusader", bound for a four or five hour run on the South China Sea.

The "Crusader" is a blessing that came from heaven, through the thoughtfulness of Msgr. Thill, of the *Catholic*

Students' Mission Crusade. Msgr. Thill is one of the very few Americans who have been behind the China scenes, in the interior missions. His experience, which he looks back on as enlightening and inspiring, proved an encouragement and a benefit to Maryknoll missions, and in particular to that of Sancian Island, whose solitary missioner is no longer dependent on winds and passing boats to reach the mainland.

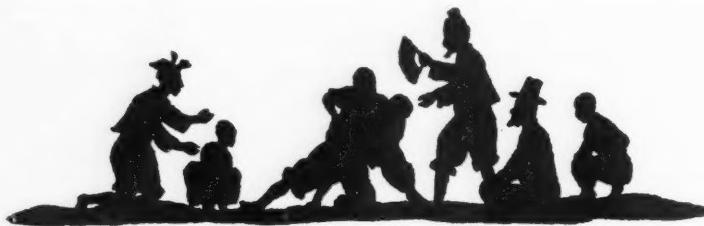


THE VISITOR (ON THE RIGHT) WITH FR. JOSEPH P. MCGINN, M.M., OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., PASTOR OF CHIKKAI
Chikkai-on-the-sea has devout Christians of the Hakka race

WILL YOU SUPPORT ONE AT \$15 A MONTH?

THE FIELD AFAR

NOVEMBER, 1931



Ending in a Bonfire

By Fr. Hugh Craig, M.M., of Minneapolis, Minn., Maryknoll pastor of Eunsan, Korea



LAST fall, as befits the squire of a town of a thousand inhabitants, the Honorable Mr. Kim built himself a mansion facing the central square, and in the building all the ceremonial rites—and they are many—were observed, from the determining of the most fortunate situation and facing of the house to the rite that takes place when the ridgepole is put on.

The principal ceremony, however, was performed at the completion of the mansion. For this a sorceress and her three assistants were called, and his lordship's relatives and special friends invited.

A Sorceress and a Silk Waist—
When the sorceress arrived, she

fenced off with a long, white linen cloth a square of about twenty feet for her ceremonies. In the center of this were placed several tables, piled high with colored rice cakes, and other ceremonial food and drink.

Before this space his lordship and his guests took places of honor, and most of the children and many of the grown-ups of the town gathered round, while the sorceress started her dance. As it went on, hour after hour, it became frenzied; and the spectators, especially the children, grew opened-eyed. The sorceress danced round and round, beating her drum.

Suddenly she stopped before a little wide-eyed girl of ten, and shrieked at her: "The devil is going to get you. The devil is going to get you. Within three days he is going to kill you. Within three days he is going to kill you. But I can save you. But I can save you."

Then the sorceress approached the

little fear-stricken girl, tore from her back a very pretty silk waist, tossed it high in the air, and when it fell to the ground jumped on it several times, exhorting meanwhile the devil to depart. After which she picked up the waist, and handed it to the little girl, telling her not to fear now, that the evil one was driven out and could not harm her.

The little girl's fear did depart, but when she saw her only "best" waist soiled and torn, she ran towards her home, weeping bitterly. Soon the ceremonies were interrupted by a very angry father, who wished to know why his daughter's waist had been taken from her and who was going to pay for it.

Magic a Good Trade—

The second day the dancing was continued, but this time the sorceress carried in her hand a large iron knife and trident, each about five feet long, with which she gesticulated as she danced. Standing around were the relatives and friends of the squire. Soon the sorceress stopped before one of these, and invited him to take part in the ceremony. This person entered the square, made an offering of some money, or of a two peck measure of some grain—rice, millet, wheat, or barley—and performed the ceremonial dance.

This continued for several hours, and the profits of the sorceress increased.

The Ancestors' Spirit—

The ceremony had a very solemn ending. The head of a pig was brought in on a small table, and the sorceress began to chant: "Our grandfather is most handsome, his eyes are like pumpkin seeds, his lips are like a round rice cake, his nose like a double-stemmed vase, and his ears like the leaves of the eggplant."

Then she took the pig's head, placed it above her, and danced around. After this his lordship's wife came forward, and carried the pig's head into the house, for it now represented the spirit of the ancestors and would be honored.

That this ceremony was effective was proved by the fact that soon after, on several occasions, the evil one was heard moaning in the yard of the house next door, doubtless sorrowing because he



VELLY nice," says Lee Sing, looking at the nice, new string which binds his baskets to his bamboo carrying pole, "Velly, velly nice".

We agree with our good Chinese friend that strings are very useful, but not where gifts to the missions are concerned. Dear friend of Maryknoll,

make your offering "stringless"; it can then be applied where the need is greatest in this work for God and souls.

had been driven out and could not return.

So everyone was satisfied with the exorcism, and the sorceress went home with no small profit.

The Haunted House—

However, after a couple of months a Catholic family moved into the house next door, and the squire's wife began to fear that the evil spirit who had been heard weeping in that house would leave there and come to her house, for everyone knows that the evil spirit will not reside in the house of a Catholic. Yet, when she next saw Mrs. Mary No, she was anxious to learn just how it was that she had not been afraid to move into the haunted house.

After the bows and formal salutations were over, she asked: "How does Elder Sister like her honorable new house?"

"Although we have nothing to decorate our humble dwelling with, there is nothing we dislike about the house."

"I do hope you will have good luck there."

"Why not? Her ladyship knows we Catholics are not afraid of the evil spirits."

"But if you do not perform the good luck rites are you not afraid the evil spirit will bring great harm to you, or to your beautiful sons?"

"No, we believe that the Good God will not allow the evil spirit to harm His faithful children. Moreover, we have in our house the holy Cross of Christ, near which no evil spirit dare come. Her ladyship knows it is said, 'If twins are born, one must die', yet my twin boys, Michael and Raphael, are now seven years old, and they are never sick."

"There must be great peace in Elder Sister's heart. I wish I were free from constant fear of the evil spirits. Many times a day I fear lest I omit to perform some rite, and thus bring upon my family or myself some misfortune as a punishment."

"Why, then, do you not burn all your superstitious objects, and join the Catholic Church?"

"Oh! I would be afraid to do that!"

"Then have your husband ask the priest to come to your house, and burn them for you! and afterwards, if you join the Catholic Church, you will have

no further need to fear the evil one."

"Is that so? Well, you know my husband has told me he likes your priest, for he says that when he has had dealings with him, he is always most polite, and he is so good to the poor and the sick that he and his Religion cannot be bad."

A Bonfire—

So a few days later the Catholic priest was invited to come to the mansion of the squire, and a great bonfire

was lit. There were several sets of ceremonial garments, long strings of ancient money, a bowl of magic water, several brass plates to keep harm from the granary, long parchments of good luck inscriptions, and so forth.

The Catholic missionary gave them some catechisms, and now the squire and his family are faithfully studying the doctrine, that they may enter the Church where the love of Christ prevails over every terror of the evil one.

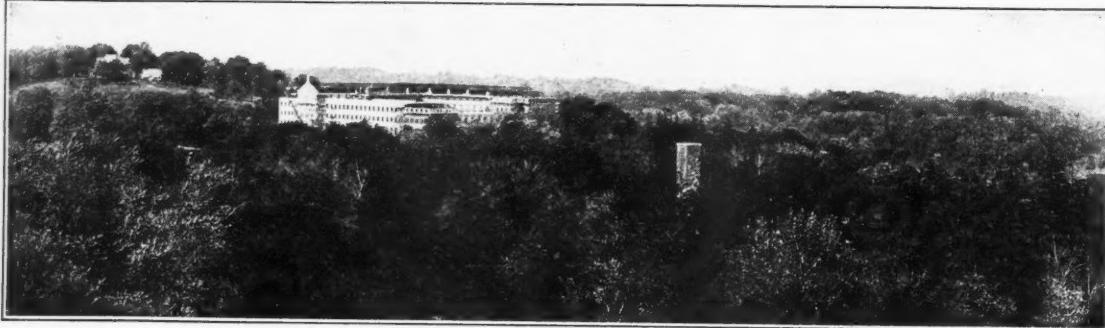


BRIGHT RIBBONS, THE PRIDE OF KOREAN FEMININE HEARTS, HAD BEEN CAREFULLY SELECTED TO ADORN THE SILK WAIST

INDIFFERENT TO SOULS FOR WHOM HE DIED.

NOVEMBER, 1931

Leaves From A Chapter Report



THE SISTERS' MOTHER-HOUSE SEEN FROM OUR TOWER

Among the trees can be glimpsed the chimney of the Power House and Field Afar Office Building, on our compound. On the hill, in the background, is the Sisters' Regina Caeli House. This picture was taken last summer, before the Mother-House tower began to go up



ROM houses in the United States, in the Hawaiian and the Philippine Islands, and from South China, Manchuria, and Korea, delegates to a General Chapter of the Maryknoll Sisters were assembled at the Home Knoll last July. Mother Mary Joseph, their Mother General, read a Report to the delegates which summarized the development of our Sisters' various activities. We are pleased to quote from the Chapter Report the following extracts.

Mother House Benefactors—

To His Excellency, Bishop Dunn, our ecclesiastical director, we are very deeply indebted for his interest, his generosity in the way of personal gifts, and his active moral support of our cause in the diocese, to which the New York priests, Sisters, and laity rallied nobly.

Philadelphia's Cardinal first gave us entrée to his archdiocese, and duplicated the gracious permission. To him and to his generous priests and Sisters special thanks are due. Similar courtesies were extended to us for shorter periods by the Archbishop of St. Louis, the Bishop of Harrisburg, and the Bishop of Newark.

Among the Directors of the Society

for the Propagation of the Faith, Father Cushing of Boston is outstanding. Through him we are receiving eight thousand dollars for the Mother-House. Father Ready of Cleveland gave us special opportunities to make the work known there, and Father McDonnell of New York has more than seconded Bishop Dunn's efforts to help us.

Growth and Distribution—

In January, 1926, six months after our first General Chapter, the Congregation numbered two hundred and forty-nine; 147 professed Sisters, 51 novices, and 51 postulants. Today, we are 421; 333 professed Sisters, 76 novices, and 12 postulants.

The Sisters are distributed as follows:

United States	296
China	26
Korea	13
Manchuria	5
Philippine Islands	41
Hawaiian Islands	40

Education—

We have tried to accomplish something along educational lines. In September, 1926, we opened the house of studies in Washington, where Sisters have received training either as nurses

SEVERAL of our missioners are asking for statues (old or new) of the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Mother, and Saint Joseph.

at the Providence Hospital, or as teachers at the Catholic University and Sisters' College.

Courses in Ward Method, Gregorian Chant, Choir Directing, and Harmony have been given to successive groups of Sisters at Manhattanville.

Mt. St. Vincent College, which so graciously opened its doors to us in 1925, has had some of our Sisters as students ever since, and at present eight are in attendance there.

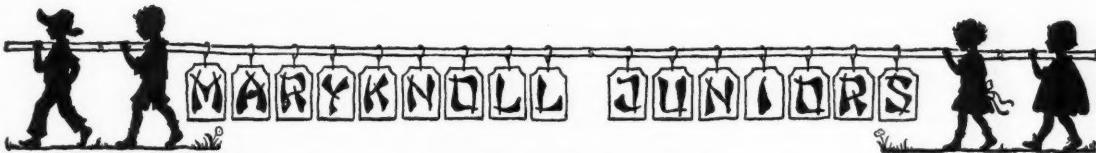
Two Sisters were sent to England for special work; three are in training at the Providence Hospital, Seattle; two are taking a correspondence course in Domestic Science; and a large group are taking a kindergarten course here at the Knoll. Other courses for self improvement—English, Shorthand, Spanish, and so forth, have been offered, and many Sisters have taken advantage of them.

In May, 1928, at the Vénard, under the zealous direction of Sister Marie Therese, a house of studies was organized, where Sisters might complete their high school studies. Our Honolulu missions and the Home Knoll are affiliated with the Catholic University through the Vénard Center.

That we might receive Oriental students, we were recognized by the Government under the title, "Immaculate Conception Seminary", and we have received several Orientals already.

We expect to open our own Normal School.

CHARITY MUST EXPAND, OR IT WILL DIE.



THEOPHANE VENARD



A big brother to little missioners

*"Soldier of Christ, thy armor lend to me,
For sinners' souls I long to give my life;
For them to give my tears, my blood, like thee.
Protect me then, and arm me for the strife."*

SO the Little Flower wrote of Blessed Théophane Vénard, for she knew that he could help her in the battle of life.

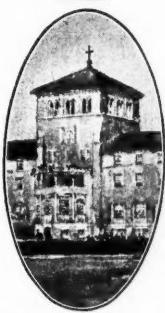
Always a soldier of Christ in life and in death, Théophane had to fight his temper as a youngster and later, in the armor of his faith, he had to beat his way to the front where the pagan army needed his prayers and even his blood. His life is a model for all boys, not just because of his saintliness, but for his sterling qualities. And in both of those ways girls may pattern after him, too.

Théophane was born in France on November 21, 1829. The two-fold ambition of his life was to become a missioner and to die a martyr. He was aiming high, but his was a willing soul. Add to that the great fervor of his prayer, and we have the secret of his accomplishment.

Théophane met hardships but, soldier that he was, he liked the thrill of them. His health was poor, nevertheless he was always gay, clever, and without exception kind to everyone.

He became a missioner to Indo-China, and his zeal for souls knew no bounds. He worked and prayed, finally going the whole way for them, and won his heavenly reward.

If we cannot become missioners or martyrs like Théophane, surely we can all copy him in his Christian charity and his great zeal for souls. We can pray, and dare, and do.



Vénard Preparatory College, Clarks Summit, Pa., where new Théophanes are trained for the Maryknoll Missions

THE WISDOM OF BLESSÉD THÉOPHANE

Work hard, work well, not to get praise, or honor, or prizes, but because you will please God.

"Piety," some say, "is only good for priests and nuns. God does not expect so much of us." How do you know?

Don't be afraid of being laughed at. You will crown all by keeping up the tender love of a little child for the Blessed Virgin and a confiding trust in your Guardian Angel.

I must disregard human opinion, cultivate humility, bear to be despised, and follow my Lord and Master everywhere, always, and in spite of all.

A NOVENA TO BLESSÉD THÉOPHANE

HERE'S Blessed Théophane's birthday right near, and we Juniors sure are going to get together and celebrate it properly. What! Some don't know much about Théophane? And here we have stacks of literature about him! I'm surely getting more desperate by the minute! To think of all that any Junior has missed who hasn't read Théophane's life! Be sure you write to Father Chin today, and within the shake of a lamb's tail, I'll send you the story. There's no question about it, you shouldn't miss it. It's as good as any Wild West story, and I don't mean maybe!

And there are those Vénard pins that every Junior wears. Write and I'll see that you get one of those, too.

Father Chin wants me to remind you that it'll be a good thing for you to make a novena to Blessed Théophane. Why not go to Mass daily and receive Holy Communion on the twenty-first? Just think, what it will mean for missions and missioners, when all our Juniors are making that novena!

Father Chin is always right and if you do what he says, you'll never be sorry. Take it from me!

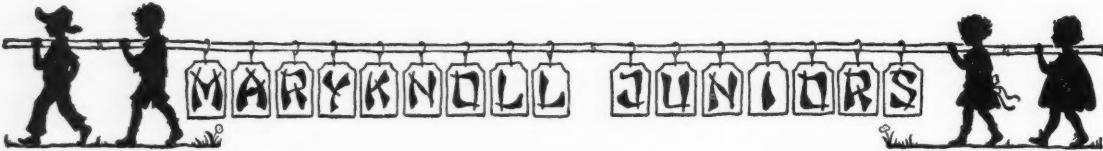
Johnny Junior

Tweet, tweet!

Do you ever have day-dreams—with pagan lands in the background?



CELEBRATE THE BIRTHDAY OF BLESSED THÉOPHANE



DEAR JUNIORS:

Jack Frost told me that the crisp November weather was waking up the Juniors to some rollicking school work, and here's my private opinion that it'll see them doing wonders for the missions too.

Hundreds of song books have already reached them, and we're mailing more every day. I hear that everybody sings them at school, at meetings and even at home while they're busy with that great indoor sport—getting up a mission scrap book.

But what delights me beyond words is the way schools take to The Field Afar School Subscription Plan. Whole classes of Juniors are taking The Field Afar monthly and do they like it? You ought to see how they write and want more!

Well, here's my Thanksgiving Day prayer: Thank God for my Juniors!

Ever yours in the missions,

Father Chin

A DOG'S LIFE ON THE MISSIONS



'M just a pointer, perhaps a little out of the ordinary for I attract much attention.

I was born in Manchuria and while still puppies my little sister and I were taken to Shingishu, Korea. There we found my present master. We were left much to ourselves for Teddy, the Airedale, and Joey, the bear, got all the attention. Joey had a wicked wallop and we let him alone. I was later taken to Antung and finally landed here in Chinnampo, Korea, where the people are Korean, Chinese, Japanese or English, so I have had to understand all these languages; but the sign language is my specialty.

From watching Joey I learned to climb trees, and now I can go a straight trunk for twelve feet,



Three of my Korean friends
and higher with branches. My master is well known and has made many friends among old and young, and the people who come to ask about me make just that many more. So maybe I'm a

missioner, too. Our mission church is small, but the parish is growing, and in time I guess Master will need a larger church. I hope so, for when children come they bring me nice things to eat. They like to throw food for me to catch, and to see me do tricks.

One day I got a kick that hurt, all for trying to keep a noisy wailing crowd with the queerest music, from coming into the church. It turned out to be a funeral, but how was I to know?

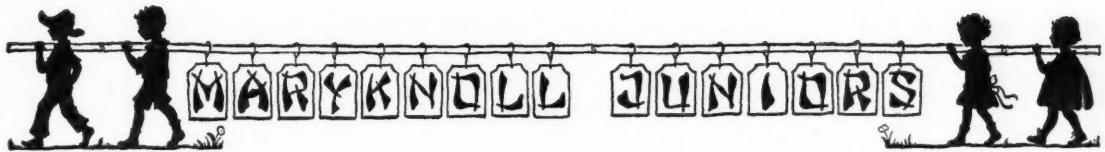
Now I have to go and help my master by doing my bit. So-long! That's me in the picture.



Twelve feet up and going strong

THE BANNER AND A BIRTHDAY

WE had a birthday! Truly, we did! On the 29th of June we were twenty years old. And St. Rose's School in Chelsea, Mass., remembered about it and sent us a birthday gift of one hundred dollars. You see, they gave an entertainment, and our birthday present was the result. They are real Juniors. And the "F. A." has gone to St. Rose's since 1925. And this month the Maryknoll Banner will go to St. Rose's too.



"I wonder—" and Father Chin paused. "I wonder, Johnny Junior, whether every Junior, when he sits down to his breakfast on Thanksgiving morning — having been to Mass, of course — could tell just what it all is that he is thankful for?"

"I could!"

"All right—what?"

"Well-er-er-well, Mass and Communion, of course, and-er-oh, dinner!—and-and—"

"Go on," and Father Chin smiled.

"Father, I guess I don't know," and Johnny Junior looked abashed.

"Think it over, Johnny!" and Father Chin went on out.

Father Chin went on out.

Try this on your piano—Sing it in the Cantonese!

* The Cantonese "HAIL MARY" (Shuntak dialect) F.C.Dietz M.M.

* Transpose to a higher or lower key, as desired.

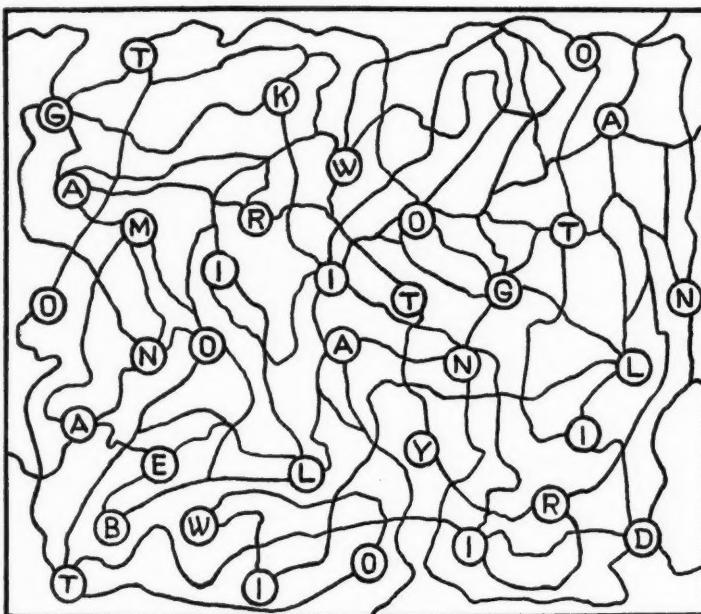
PUZZLE DIRECTIONS

DO you know of the martyr who when he was a boy liked to read books and pasture his father's goats? One day, while reading the life of a martyr he exclaimed, " "

.....!" Can you find the hidden sentence in the puzzle?

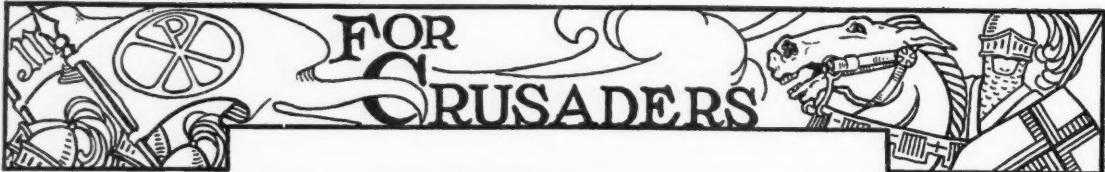
The starting point is one of the lines cut off by the edge of the picture. Be sure you get the right one. You may not use any line more than once, but you may cross a line or follow a circle. If you find a word with the same letter twice, as in "see", you may stop for both letters in the one circle. When you have finished, go over your lines with a colored pencil. Send results to The Father Chin Puzzle Club, Maryknoll, N. Y.

First, second and third prizes for the best solutions of each puzzle. A souvenir for all deserving Honorable Mention. Don't forget that Group Prizes will be awarded in January.



Here are two puzzles wrapped up together. Those who prefer picture-puzzles may look for the boy Théophane and his father's goats. Those who like something harder will want to do the sentence puzzle. Directions in the next column

AND THEN WRITE TO FATHER CHIN ABOUT IT.



HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

I SAY, Crusaders brave and bold, since you are planning to stand back of Maryknoll Missioners during this school year, wouldn't it be more interesting if you knew exactly who's who and what's what, out there across the briny, among Maryknoll's mission outposts? Suppose we succumb to the wanderlust and trot over to the other side of the globe, to explore Manchurian regions!

Across Korea Bay, in southeastern Manchu Land, we visit Father Jacques, M. M., pastor at Ch'a Kow. An experienced missioner he, with four years' apostolate behind him. Born in Canadian snows, Manchurian blizzards are a bagatelle to him! Ch'a Kow is an historic old town, the first Catholic mission of Manchuria, having sheltered Just de Bretenières during wicked times back in '65. Father Jacques likes outstation trips, even if bandits do give close calls and farmers charge him with being a bandit himself! A word or two and they find how harmless he is however, and on he may go unhurt. Who will scale a mountain with him—on nothing less than a Manchurian mule?

To the north—on to Fushun, a city of coal miners, so far as things economic go, and one of big doings from the apostolic point of view. Here we have the Maryknoll center in Manchuria, the Procure, language school, and last but most important of all,

Fill in, clip and mail to the Crusade Editor, THE FIELD AFAR Maryknoll, N.Y.
DEAR CRUSADE EDITOR:

*We want to help Father all we can.
Please write us what we can do to be most useful to his mission.*

Unit (or individual)

School

Address

City State



FR. ARMAND JACQUES, M.M.
Stout of heart, both man and beast

seminary for Orientals. There is work here for a score of priests, but Maryknoll has only one-fourth the number, so—there you are! Fushun is waiting to welcome you! Father Joseph P. McCormack of New York City heads the list of the present squad; in fact, he is Superior of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria. He can tell you how he once rescued a man who was freezing to death, and how he said Mass for a dying man in a pagan curiosity shop. He can tell you of sick-call experiences along mountain gorges,

mounting and dismounting hundreds of times in one day. Will you help Father McCormack in his work of training a native Manchurian priesthood?

From Fushun, if we move eastward to Linkiang, we shall have made a right-angle trip. We do want to see things from the right angles, so—let's go to see Father Joseph A. Sweeney. A full-fledged Maryknoller since 1920, and a missioner in China and Korea before, ask him now where his heart is at present. New Britain, Connecticut, boasted of him once, but now, Linkiang says, "rah, rah, rah!" Linkiang is recording first beginnings as a mission—but promises much. Father Sweeney had a right-hand man, a catechist-apostle, in Doctor Hoh, but the extreme Manchurian cold took him away with pneumonia, so that now Father Sweeney must go a solitary way over "the lonely trails in search for souls".



Bringing the light of the Faith into pagan darkness

A poor Jewish widow coming to the Temple lifted a work-worn hand and dropped from it two poor mites—and went down in history as a symbol of utter generosity. The three priests we have told you about are "carrying on" for our Church and our Faith. Never mind how little it may seem that you can do. Remember the poor widow of Jerusalem—and send your mite.

Circles

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

Address:

Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

OUR Circlers are reminded that a work like ours can be hurt as well as helped by its friends.

Maryknoll has its appeal, if it had not, it could have accomplished very little; but our Circlers will help us by recalling two other special obligations—one to their own parish, which comes before all, the other to the world-wide Society for the Propagation of the Faith, with which every Catholic should try to be affiliated.

We are happy to welcome a new member to our Circle "family". Our youngest will be known as *Our Mother of Perpetual Help Circle*, and is located in Brooklyn. These new friends have already enabled our missionaries to ransom from paganism a number of Chinese babies.

From month to month, a check or some useful and substantial gift reminds us of the zeal in God's service of *St. Rose of Lima Circle*, New York City. Last month, the members of this active group surprised the Maryknoll Superior General with a generous "stringless" gift.

The *St. Leo Guild*, in Peabody, Mass., sponsored three "showers" for Maryknoll during the past summer. They proved so beneficial to our work that the Circle Director is hoping the weather forecast will continue to foretell "showers".

A fine assortment of altar linens and other supplies for the use of God's House came to us from *St. Anne's Auxiliary*, of St. Lawrence Parish, Faribault, Minn. They will gladden

WHO WILL BE THE NEXT CIRCLE—SPONSOR?

A NUMBER of Maryknoll Circles are already providing for the personal support of one of our Christbearers in the Orient. This support has been estimated at an average cost of \$1.00 a day—\$365.00 a year.

Maryknoll must find more sponsors for its one hundred overseas missionaries. If your Circle is unable to meet the cost of the annual support of a missionary, we suggest a contribution to our MISSIONER SUPPORT FUND, the interest of which provides continuously for the support of a Maryknoll priest in fields afar.

the heart of a Maryknoll missioner in Korea.

Beautiful altar linens came also from *St. Mary's Catholic Girls' Club*, of Meridan, Conn.

Tabernacle Societies have been constantly generous in helping to supply

Maryknoll with altar linens and vestments for our chapels at home and in the mission fields, so we are confident that, as they resume their activities for the winter, they will not forget our needs.

We are just now opening many new chapels in fields afar, and so would gladly welcome altar linens, vestments, albs (plain linen, without trimming), and surplices (lawn or nainsook). The Circle Director will be happy to furnish patterns and measurements.

The Field Afar for life, \$50.

We would remind those Circles planning to forward Christmas gifts to our Missions, that six weeks, at the very least, should be allowed for shipment and delivery.

Among gifts which would prove most useful are: shaving cream, razors and blades, tooth brushes and powder, soap, towels, socks, garters, underwear, pajamas, shirts, penknives, fountain pens, books, and eversharp pencils. Best of all, of course, would be a check, thereby leaving to the missioner the opportunity of selecting himself what he needs most.

In sending Christmas gifts, it would avoid confusion if everything is addressed to the Circle Director, at Maryknoll, N. Y., who will then be able to acknowledge them promptly, and to see that they are forwarded at once to the Missions.



THESE FRIENDS FROM BROOKLYN, N. Y., HAVE A SPECIAL INTEREST IN MSGR. FORD'S HAKKA MISSION FIELD

INTEREST A NEW FRIEND IN THE FIELD AFAR.

THE FIELD AFAR

NOVEMBER, 1931

Thank You! Thank You!



Maybe rice wouldn't seem like much of a Thanksgiving dinner to you; but we over here say many thank yous to friends in the "Starry Flag" country who fill our bowls, and keep the chopsticks going.

FROM the foundation of our work, priest friends have always been among the foremost helpers Maryknoll has had. A glance over last month's receipts shows us that the greater number of notable gifts have come to the Knoll from "other Christs", eager to spread the work of His Kingdom in far distant lands.

We are grateful for such whole-hearted coöperation.

Two *Stringless Gifts*, one from Chelsea, Mass., and the other from St. Louis, Mo., received last month a royal welcome to our hilltop.

If you, dear friend of Maryknoll, would give us a boost in these difficult times, make your mission gift stringless; it can then be applied to relieve the most urgent need of our far-flung activities for souls.

Homeland needs were generously remembered by benefactors in Albion, N. Y., and Brockton, Mass., who cheered our Treasurer with offerings for the *Support of our Students*.

A *Student Memorial Room* in our Major Seminary was secured by a friend in Riverdale, N. Y.

A substantial donation for the main-

tenance of our *Vénard Preparatory College*, in Clarks Summit, Pa., was again received from a member of the American Hierarchy, one of Maryknoll's greatest benefactors.

Are you acquainted with our *Annuity Plan*? The idea is catching, and we have received recent evidences of this from St. Paul, Minn., and New York City.

A Junior Holy Name Society, in Peoria, Ill., has offered a year's support of one of Bishop Walsh's *Native Seminarians* at Kongmoon, South China.

This mission-minded organization will be the means of placing the Holy Name on lips which have never before pronounced It, and in hearts which knew It not.

Maryknoll missionaries in China and Korea were remembered during the past month by friends in Boston, Mass., and St. Louis, Mo.

Other *Mission Gifts* were received from those attending the Departure Ceremony for our latest group of outgoing missionaries held, through the kindness of Bishop Cantwell, at St. Vibiana's Cathedral, Los Angeles, Calif.

Nine *Wills* matured last month in our favor, and we received notification of a remembrance in three others.

An offering from an apostolic partner, in San Francisco, Calif., towards *Missioner Support* gave proof that this benefactor has appreciated a vital need, one which we cannot stress too strongly.

We find, after thirteen years on the mission field, that each of our priests and Brothers must receive yearly for personal support and expenses a minimum of three hundred and sixty-five dollars, if we would keep these young apostles alive and active.

Maryknoll has no special fund on which to draw for the support of its missionaries — now numbering over one

hundred—but we are confident that, when they become aware of the opportunity, many American Catholics will welcome the privilege of sponsoring one of their own missioners in fields afar.

PRAY FOR THEM

THE late Father Gabriel André S.S., and Father Peter J. O'Callaghan, founder of the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor, were life long friends of Maryknoll. We ask prayers for the repose of their souls, while we remind our readers to pray also for the soul of Maryknoll's Father Taggart, and for the following:

Rt. Rev. George Albert Guertin; Rt. Rev. George J. Patterson; Rev. William C. Rourke; Sister Mary Joseph Waring; Mrs. Phalon; Mrs. J. McCarron; Agnes Carney; Mrs. E. Fanning; Mrs. Crissie; Mrs. D. Saladino; Miss M. Maas; Patrick J. Cranin; Mrs. J. Meehan; Mrs. Cantwell; Elizabeth B. Kertcham; Mrs. Franklin Pierce Dwyer; Francis Leo Kellher; Sarah Dickson; Dr. George A. Deely; Mrs. Eleanor Grey; George Helfenstein, Sr.; Denis A. McCarthy; Agnes M. Smyth; Mr. T. M. Mitchell; Mrs. Steger; Katherine Sweeney; Mary V. Koelble; Patrick Mallon; Delia Brown.

STUDENT BURSES

A burse is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY

(\$5,000 each)

C. C. W. BURSE OF THE FIVE WOUNDS	\$4,500.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse	4,200.00
St. Anne Burse	4,071.83
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse	4,050.00
St. Anthony Burse	4,045.13
St. Francis of Assisi Burse, No. I.	4,000.00
S. & E. W. Burse	\$4,000.00
Curb of Ars Burse	3,733.35
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse	3,475.44
N. M. Burse	3,000.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse, No. 2	2,853.30
Pius X Burse	2,851.00
Bishop Molloy Burse	2,799.25
Byrne Memorial Burse	2,751.83
Holy Child Jesus Burse	2,425.50
Marywood College Burse	2,256.19
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	2,246.50
St. Michael Burse	2,101.70
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse	2,045.63
Archbishop Ireland Burse	1,917.70
Puluth Diocese Burse	1,897.19
St. Dominic Burse	1,834.75
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse	1,720.06
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	



WE EMPLOY NO PROFESSIONAL AGENTS,

<i>St. Agnes Burse.....</i>	1,455.88
<i>Immaculate Conception, Patron of America Burse.....</i>	1,441.28
<i>Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill.....</i>	1,402.55
<i>St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse.....</i>	1,137.10
<i>St. John Baptist Burse.....</i>	1,076.11
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
<i>St. Boniface Burse.....</i>	919.65
<i>St. Francis Xavier Burse.....</i>	883.38
<i>Sacred Heart Seminary Burse.....</i>	850.00
<i>St. Rita Burse.....</i>	771.65
<i>St. Laurence Burse.....</i>	650.25
<i>Children of Mary Burse.....</i>	636.70
<i>St. Bridget Burse.....</i>	600.70
<i>Holy Family Burse.....</i>	576.25
<i>St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....</i>	526.20
<i>St. Joan of Arc Burse.....</i>	501.61
<i>The Holy Name Burse.....</i>	470.65
St. Louis Archdiocese Burse.....	430.00
<i>St. Jude Burse.....</i>	382.25
<i>St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....</i>	269.00
<i>All Saints Burse.....</i>	260.78
<i>Rev. George M. Fitzgerald Burse.....</i>	233.00
<i>St. John Berchmans Burse.....</i>	201.00
<i>Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....</i>	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
<i>SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....</i>	150.00
<i>St. Peter Burse.....</i>	106.07

FOR OUR PREPARATORY COLLEGES

(\$5,000 each)

<i>IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE.....</i>	4,802.00
<i>Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved).....</i>	4,400.00
<i>"C" Burse II.....</i>	1,851.60
<i>Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....</i>	1,724.80
<i>Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban Memorial Burse.....</i>	1,231.00
<i>Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse.....</i>	1,000.00
<i>St. Michael Burse.....</i>	693.32
<i>St. Aloysius Burse.....</i>	653.50
<i>Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos).....</i>	600.00
<i>Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos).....</i>	444.95
<i>St. Philomena Burse.....</i>	215.00
<i>Holy Ghost Burse.....</i>	133.00
<i>Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse.....</i>	120.00
<i>Immaculate Conception Burse.....</i>	119.00
<i>St. Margaret Mary Burse.....</i>	112.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to donor.

NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES BURSE

<i>Little Flower Burse.....</i>	1,218.00
<i>SS. Ann and John Burse.....</i>	1,176.28
<i>Blessed Sacrament Burse.....</i>	1,150.00
<i>Mater Admirabilis Burse.....</i>	1,000.00
<i>St. Ambrose Burse.....</i>	1,083.00
<i>Mary Mother of God Burse.....</i>	900.60
<i>Souls in Purgatory Burse.....</i>	808.13
<i>Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....</i>	716.00
<i>McQuillen-Blömer Memorial Burse.....</i>	702.00
<i>Maryknoll Academic Burse.....</i>	500.00
<i>St. Patrick Burse.....</i>	301.60
<i>F. W. Burse.....</i>	249.00
	100.00

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

Living: Reverend Friend, 1; Mrs. J. M. P. and Relatives; M. K. and Relatives; M. M.; M. H. McC.; A. T.; M. A. S.; Relatives of E. B.; M. C. R.; A. A. and Relatives; A. C. and

Family; W. S. and M. B.; Relatives of C. O'D.; V. S.; A. J. McD.; N. McL.; E. M.; M. B.; S. L. and Relatives.

Deceased: Jeremiah McCarthy; Catherine Bigley; Peter Quinn; Delia T. Brown; Henry J. Kinney.

A LIGHT IN CHINA
“A CLIENT of Mary”, in Brooklyn, N. Y., has asked that we publish in THE FIELD AFAR the offering required for having a light burn in China, in honor of Our Blessed Mother, for a year's time.

An offering of twenty-five dollars would cover the cost of the light and the time necessary for its tending. Such a light in China would surely draw many blessings on that great land from her who has been chosen as the special patron of its four hundred millions.

Prayers are asked for the repose of the soul of Patrick Mallon, of Brooklyn, N. Y., an active pioneer Catholic sociologist, Knight of St. Gregory, and friend of Catholic missions.

BLESSED Wu Kuo Cheng, a Chinese martyr who is here shown listening until far into the night to the Gospel Tidings, first learned of the Faith through a native catechist.

Maryknoll's Fr. Bernard F. Meyer, of Davenport, Ia., Superior of the South China Wuchow Mission, has succeeded during the brief space of four years in more than tripling the number of his Christians. He attributes this remarkable progress largely to the good work of native catechists.

“We must seek more funds for catechist support”, writes Fr. Meyer. “Our missionaries' hearts bleed at the sight of upright souls, potential saints of God, who are deprived of the True Faith because we have no catechists to send them.”

Help our missionaries to increase the number of China's saints. In the Maryknoll fields of China, the monthly wage of a catechist is only \$15.



MARYKNOLL
CHRISTMAS GIFTS



YOUR friends will be pleased if you include *Maryknoll Books* among your Christmas gifts. You can show thoughtfulness and good taste at no great cost in this way. See back cover for list of Books and special Christmas discount.

THE *Maryknoll Pin and Ring* bear the Chi Rho symbol, two Greek letters signifying the mission of Christ to the world—singularly appropriate gifts for the Day on which the Son of God became Man. Gold Pins cost 50c; Gold Rings, 10-karat, \$7.

SAY "Merry Christmas" to your friends with *Gift Subscriptions to The Field Afar*. One Gift Subscription for a year may be had for \$1.00; six of these Subscriptions will cost only \$5.00. An attractive Christmas card, bearing your name, will be sent to each of those for whom you subscribe.

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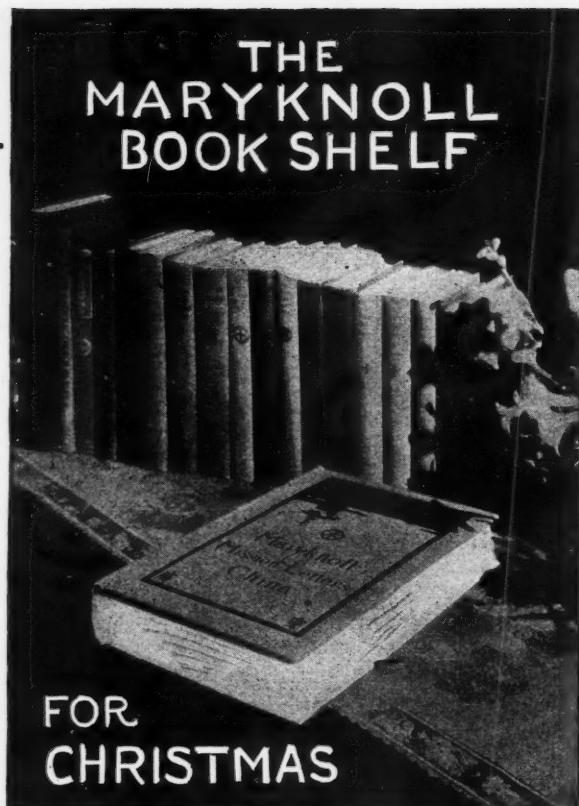
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